SAW 4

a screenplay by
PATRICK MELTON & MARCUS DUNSTAN

11-20-06

OVER DARKNESS:

Nothing. A void of darkness and silence. And then--

INSERT TITLE: *"He who has a **why** to live can bear with almost any **how**."* --Friedrich Nietzsche

The TITLE begins to fade out as--

OVER DARKNESS:

TAPE HISS... then a familiar VOICE.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
I'm the only person who knows where your daughter is.
(beat)
She only has a limited supply of air... and if you want her back... you'll have to play a game.

The tape hissing continues.

Then, a low murmur. It's a man sobbing. His sobbing grows into a POWERFUL SCREAM from the bottom of his soul...

FADE INTO:

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE SICK ROOM -- NIGHT

Back with JEFF. He's splayed out on the floor. His body twisted. His eyes covered with ash.

His headless wife, LYNN, slumps against a wall. He's stares.

AMANDA lies nearby. Blood still pulsating from her neck.

And on the table. There he is. Blood oozing from his cut neck. It's JIGSAW. Dead. His eyes still open, though. Staring right at Jeff.

Jeff mumbles, reaching a hand out to his wife, but he retracts. He can't do it.

Grief flows through his body. Rising, he moves to one of the doors leading out. He yanks on the door.

Nothing doing. He begins ramming it, screaming.

JEFF
Come on! Come on, goddamn it!

Jeff looks for any type of crack in the locked door. Nothing.

Then, his eyes shift to the table filled with SURGICAL EQUIPMENT and MEDICATION. He spots something.

CLOSE ON: A CROWBAR. Definitely out of place.

Jeff moves to grab it. But it's CONNECTED TO A METAL WIRE. And the second he pulls the crowbar...

THE LIGHTS IN THE ROOM GO OUT.

Pitch dark. All that's heard is Jeff's FRANTIC BREATHING.

Then, it's seen. On the far wall.

A GLOWING X on the tile wall.

Jeff moves to it. He pushes at it. Nothing doing.

He uses the crowbar. Smashing the wall. Over and over.

It eventually crumbles. There's a small CRAWL SPACE.

It's the only way out. Jeff drops the crowbar, gets on his knees, and enters the crawl space...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CRAWL SPACE -- MOMENTS LATER

A dark, small, cob-web infested space. Jeff moves blindly.

CLOSE ON: A row of RUSTED NAILS stick up from the floor.

Jeff unknowingly crawls right on to the nails, his HAND sinking right down into one...

JEFF
Jesus!!!

Jeff retracts, gasping in the pain. Blood oozing.

He's able to crawl around them, avoiding any more by looking much closer at where he crawls.

Jeff comes to a CROSSROADS. He can either go RIGHT or LEFT.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Corbett!

He's screaming for his daughter.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Corbett!!!

Jeff's head sways. He's losing it. Blood streaking his face. He's about to collapse when...

CORBETT
(very faint)
Daddy?

Jeff's head whips up. That was his daughter. And it was coming down the right crawl space duct.

JEFF
Corbett! It's okay! Daddy's coming! Daddy's coming! You stay right there!

CLOSE ON: RUSTY NAILS stick out from the side and top of the crawl space now.

But it doesn't matter to Jeff. He's moving with vigor. He's going to save his daughter.

Jeff rounds a corner and...

JEFF (CONT'D)
Corbett?! Say something, baby. Say something! Daddy needs to hear you.

FROM JOHN'S P.O.V.: There's a LIGHT. Just ahead. It's very bright. Making him unable to see past it.

Jeff keeps moving towards the light. He begins to squint. The light becoming brighter.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Corbett!

CORBETT
Daddy! Daddy! Help me!

His daughter's getting louder. He's getting closer.

CLOSE ON: Jeff's knee plunges right on to a nail.

JEFF
Ahh...It's gonna be okay...Daddy's almost there!

He fights through it, leaving a blood trail.

Closer... closer...closer...

JEFF (CONT'D)
Corbett! I'm here! I'm right here...

Then, getting past a mounted FLOODLIGHT, Jeff sees it.

CLOSE ON: It's a SPEAKER. And a MICROPHONE.

CORBETT
(through speaker)
Daddy! Where are you? Where are
you, Daddy?

JEFF
You motherfu-

CRASH! A trap door in the floor gives way. Jeff DROPS...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- DUEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

WHAM! Jeff lands face-first in a large, bell-shaped glass container. It's raised off the ground.

The container narrows at the base where a clear, plastic plate supports Jeff.

Underneath the plate are TWO ROTATING BLADES.

The entire device looks like a GIANT BLENDER.

If the blades spin and the plate parts, Jeff will be pureed within seconds.

JEFF
Oh god...

Jeff claws at the sides of the container, but they've been GREASED. If he tries to crawl up, he'll slide back down.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You son of a bitch!

Jeff's eyes turn.

A MAN is strapped to a metal throne. His wrists and ankles held down.

Before the man, there is a bank of MONITORS.

CLOSE ON: The monitors show the series of rooms that Jeff went through in Saw 3. The final one is of the SICK ROOM. And it currently shows LYNN. Headless. Dead.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
You killed her... you stupid
asshole... you killed her...

Jeff gawks. He might not recognize him, but we do...

INT. CONDOMINIUM -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT **(FLASHBACK)**

CHRIS lies in the bed staring up at his lover, Lynn.

LYNN
What is it that you want from me,
Chris?

Chris, almost ashamed - the words near impossible to say.

CHRIS
A divorce.

His words hit Lynn like a punch to the gut and...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- DUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Yes. It's CHRIS in the chair. Lynn's SECRET LOVER.

JEFF
Who are you...

ZZCCCCCHHH!!!

A square of STATIC explodes to life on a TV in the corner.
It cuts to an image. A face.

The bone white, wooden face of a HARLEQUIN PUPPET. It's
slotted jaw moves, omitting a heavily distorted VOICE.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello Chris... I want to play a game.
This game involves the simple decision
to either allow the man before you
to live... or die.
(beat)
Forgiveness is all that separated
Jeff from his family. He chose
vengeance. It cost him the wife he
ignored... the woman you loved.

Jeff heard that. His chest heaves.

DOLL (CONT'D)
Now, you both grieve with this loss,
but Chris, will you be able to do
what Jeff was unable to? Will you
be able to forgive?
(beat)
There are two keys in this room.
They both lead to your freedom, but
each will lead you on a very different
path.
(beat)
The first key unlocks the device
that holds Jeff. It represents his
life, and your forgiveness.
(MORE)

DOLL (CONT'D)
The other unlocks the door out of here. It represents his death, and your loss.
(beat)
Have you learned the lesson that Jeff couldn't, Chris? Or will you continue the cycle of vengeance? You have thirty seconds to decide.
(beat)
Live or die, Chris... make your choice.

The screen cuts to static.

Behind Chris, a DIGITAL CLOCK counts down from THIRTY.

The metal restraints on Chris's hands and ankles spring open. He is free to stand.

The blades underneath Jeff's feet start to ROTATE.

JEFF
Hey! Hey!

Jeff frantically looks around.

There's a METAL TUBE below the blender device. It leads to a KEY. But to get to it, Chris will have to stick his entire arm through the tube filled with METAL SHARDS, RUSTED NAILS, and BARB WIRE.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Here! Over here!

Chris's eye are on the door out of the room. There's another METAL TUBE with a KEY at the end. This metal tube, however, is attached to a CHAIN that vanishes into the darkness above.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Here! Right here!

Chris turns to Jeff. Jeff frantically points to the metal tube.

Twenty-five seconds... twenty-four... twenty-three...

Chris looks between the door key and Jeff's key.

JEFF (CONT'D)
For christ's sake, think of my daughter! She doesn't have to lose both her parents!

Chris locks eyes with Jeff.

He nods, moves to the metal tube and freezes a second.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Help me! Do it! Help me!

Chris just gazes at Jeff.

He looks back to the metal tube. There's a thin piece of GLASS he has to punch through to get his hand into the metal tube.

There's a PHOTO of him and Lynn. Taken recently. Of Chris sneaking a kiss from Lynn in public.

Eighteen... seventeen... sixteen...

JEFF (CONT'D)
My daughter! Help me save my daughter!

Chris PUNCHES through the piece of glass, sticking his hand through the metal tube.

He cringes, his arm being ripped apart by the sharp elements within.

Chris pulls out the key, his arm now CUT TO SHIT and covered in BLOOD.

JEFF (CONT'D)
It's right here! The lock's right here! Quickly! Come on!

Jeff points to a square pane on the side of the glass container. There's a PADLOCK. Open it, and Jeff slides out to freedom.

Fourteen... thirteen... twelve...

CLOSE ON: The key is thrust into the padlock.

But Chris freezes. The image of the HEADLESS LYNN strobes in Chris's mind.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Goddamn it, come on! Come on! Come on!

Chris is face to face with Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Open the fucking lock!!!

Any sympathy within Chris slowly turns to rage. Chris burns.

Ten... nine... eight...

Jeff SLAMS on the glass, right in Chris's face.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Goddamn it, you fuck!!! Open the fucking lock!!!

Chris pulls the key out of the lock.

JEFF (CONT'D)
He's got my daughter!!! Think of my daughter!!!

Jeff furiously hits the glass.

CHRIS
I'm doing her a favor.

Chris tosses the key over the lip of the blender device. It comes down, hitting the plate at Jeff's feet.

JEFF
You fuck!!! You're killing me you fuck!!! Fuck you!!! Fuck you!!!

Five... four... three...

CHRIS
You killed them all... and you killed her. You deserve this.

Two... one... ZERO--

EVERYTHING THAT FOLLOWS IS SHOWN IN HYPER CUTS.

The plate slides apart underneath Jeff. His legs are eaten up to the knee in an instant. He's spun. Jeff howls.

Chris shuts his eyes, moving towards the door.

Jeff's entire body is MULCH from the blender device.

The only sound is the spinning of the blades.

Chris comes to the metal tube by the door, sticking in his arm in to grab the key.

The second he yanks off the key--

The metal tube CONSTRICTS. The rusted nails SINK into his arm. The barb wire TIGHTENS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No! No! No!

The chain attached to the metal tube TIGHTENS. And Chris is YANKED UP TO THE CEILING AND BACK ACROSS THE ROOM--

FROM CHRIS'S P.O.V.: He sails through the air, being pulled up and then back down into the BLENDER DEVICE--

Chris screams as he falls face-first into the blender device and is ground up into a BLOODY MULCH within seconds.

The blender grinds Jeff and Chris into a PUREE.

Then, at the bottom of the device, the result is seen.

A clear PLASTIC TUBE. The RED LIQUID fills it. Dropping down the tube. The tube leading down into the floor...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- HOLDING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The tube flows down from the ceiling. Along the wall. And into a GLASS JAR.

The rest of the room is seen. It's a small room with two doors. One leads out of the building, and other leads to the holding room with CORBETT in it.

The jar fills with blood to the top, and a lever with BALLOON on the end rises, flipping a SWITCH.

The holding room door SPRINGS OPEN, as does the door leading out of the building.

BRIGHT SUNLIGHT crushes in from the outside.

Corbett emerges from the holding room. She tip-toes out. The light embraces her.

CORBETT

Daddy?

Corbett exits the building in the blaze of dawn's first rays.

CUT TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE: **SAW 4**

EXT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- DAY

An abandoned WAREHOUSE. Police cars and ambulances are parked outside. It's a crime scene.

HOFFMAN removes a filthy pair of LATEX GLOVES. He wipes some sweat off his brow and tosses the latex gloves into a pile of other soiled gloves.

The officers have been here a while. A mixture of stress and anxiety crosses all their faces.

Corbett, still trembling underneath a blanket, sits at the back of a parked ambulance.

Hoffman looks at the little girl, but Corbett is in shock. She sees nothing.

A burly SWAT commander, RIGG, steps forward.

RIGG
Does he know yet?

HOFFMAN
We're still trying to reach him.
Anything on Kerry?

RIGG
No. We're still working the access door on the lower-level. Maybe something's in there.

Hoffman stares at the warehouse. He begins to slide his hands into a fresh set of latex gloves.

HOFFMAN
Nobody touches John Kramer or Amanda Denlon. Those bodies are to be left idle until my order.

RIGG
Understood.

A black sedan glides to a stop at the perimeter of the crime scene. A wake of dust envelopes the TWO DARK SUITS that emerge from the car.

RIGG (CONT'D)
Who are they?

A DUTY OFFICER approaches the two dark suits.

HOFFMAN
Fresh authority.

FROM HOFFMAN'S P.O.V.: A man raises his FBI I.D. BADGE. This is FBI AGENT PETER STRAUM (40s). He has slits for eyes and a strong build that is hidden under his perfect black suit.

The second agent steps forward, she shakes the Duty Officer's hand. This is FBI AGENT LINDSEY PEREZ (late 20s) with her tightly pulled back hair and plain black suit she tries to hide her beauty, but it's the first thing most notice.

The Duty Officer turns and points to Hoffman.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
(to Rigg)
Get back to that access door and let me know the second we can pop it.

RIGG
Yes, sir.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Detective Hoffman?

Hoffman turns, seeing the two FBI agents.

HOFFMAN
Yeah.

STRAUM
This is Special Agent Lindsey Perez, and I'm Special Agent Peter Straum.

Perez extends her hand to Hoffman. They shake. Straum makes no such offer. Instead, he "clicks" a PEN over and over.

PEREZ
Captain Chang spoke very highly of you. We're both looking forward to working--

STRAUM
(interrupting)
Where are the bodies, Detective?

Hoffman takes a look between Perez and Straum.

HOFFMAN
Inside. Did the Captain inform you of what we found?

STRAUM
Yes.

Straum turns, moving towards the building. Perez sort of shrugs to Hoffman, offering a crooked smirk.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Hoffman leads Strum and Perez down a corridor. Forensics and duty officers move about. There are BODIES or PIECES being pulled out of the many rooms.

HOFFMAN
You both are familiar with the case, right?

Hoffman turns, a gurney slides his way. It is the thawing body of DANICA (from the freezing room).

PEREZ
Yes. The Bureau has been following it for some time.

HOFFMAN
And have you ever seen anything like quite like this before?

Danica's blue arm drops from the body bag. A LAYER OF ICE slides off her flesh like a crystal sleeve.

STRAUM
One case comes to mind. Some similarities.

HOFFMAN
Similarities how?

Rigg's voice breaks over Hoffman's walkie-talkie.

RIGG (V.O.)
(from walkie-talkie)
The access door is about to open, sir.

HOFFMAN
(into walkie-talkie)
I'm coming, hold right there.

Hoffman turns, leading the way. But Straum and Perez duck their heads into the room where Danica's body was taken out of.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE FREEZER -- CONTINUOUS

The abandoned meat locker is a thawed wasteland of milky vapor and dirt-packed slush. The apparatus that held Danica glimmers.

Straum and Perez give the crime scene a once over before ducking out again.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE KILLING FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Hoffman's pace accelerates. Straum and Perez keep up. Their eyes burn from the pungent odors of the pig remains.

Straum is absorbing every inch of the journey. He keeps "clicking" his pen.

HOFFMAN
You may want to hold your breath.
This next room...

STRAUM
We've done this before.

PEREZ
Thank you, Detective.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE RACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The mechanical cross that recently twisted TIM apart limb by limb stands silently. It is crusted with Tim's fluids.

Most of Tim has been removed from the device. Most of him.

Perez blinks away a gut-churning reaction. Straum keeps pace. Nodding a little to himself.

STRAUM
Interesting.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Hoffman turns on a flashlight and slips down a dark narrow stairway. Perez and Straum are right behind.

HOFFMAN
Watch your step.

The lights of Rigg's team glow at the base of the stairwell.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Rigg?

Rigg stands before the ACCESS DOOR. It has been cut at the hinges. Pried at the top and bottom.

RIGG
On your command, sir.

HOFFMAN
Take it down.

The access door hits the ground. Dust and steam dissipate. Hoffman boldly steps through the armed SWAT team...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- CONTINUOUS

Kerry's dead body. Greatly DECAYED. Many months. Rib cage ripped open. A skeletal angel, rotted from the wings down.

Hoffman takes in the scene. Straum and Perez step in behind.

RIGG
Is it her?

HOFFMAN
Yes.

Straum stops "clicking" his pen.

STRAUM
Kerry Sayer?

HOFFMAN
Yes. Missing six months.

Hoffman stares at his colleagues dead body.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
She was our best shot at catching Jigsaw.

STRAUM
Well, you got him now.

HOFFMAN
Yeah.

RIGG
Sir, should we attempt to inform him now?

Hoffman's eyes move to Rigg. And he turns away from Kerry's body.

HOFFMAN
No, not just yet. He'll want to see her, and I'm not going to let him see her like this.

Hoffman turns, moving to the exit when--

PEREZ (O.S.)
She didn't have a chance, you know.

Hoffman turns back to Perez.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
The lock's open. She got out. But this was built for her execution. It belied the rules.

They all look to the trap.

HOFFMAN
It's sadistic.

STRAUM
Where's the accomplice?

HOFFMAN
In the back room.

Hoffman motions with his head, leading them out.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE SICK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Hoffman, Perez and Straum absorb the room. The blue prints, the instruments, the bodies of the final showdown lay still.

A CORONER stands by. The body bags ready to be filled.

Amanda still holds the handgun. Her body slumped.

Perez kneels next to Lynn's headless body.

Straum moves about the room with latex gloves on. He looks to all the dead bodies, examining them.

STRAUM
Alright, where is he?

HOFFMAN
Who?

STRAUM
Jigsaw's accomplice. Captain Chang said Jigsaw's accomplice was here as well.

Hoffman eyes shift to Amanda's dead body.

HOFFMAN
You're standing right next to her.

Straum looks to Amanda. His eyes then glance to Perez.

PEREZ
Detective--

Straum motions to Perez, stopping her. He moves closer to Hoffman, snapping off his latex gloves.

STRAUM
We both saw your colleague Kerry strung up in the other room, right?

Hoffman nods.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
And you can see the bedridden cancer patient lying dead behind me, right?

HOFFMAN
You want to get to your point, Special
Agent?

STRAUM
Take a look at Jigsaw's "accomplice."

Hoffman looks to Amanda.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
How much do you think she weighs?
Hundred? Hundred ten pounds?

Hoffman doesn't reply.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Well, you want to tell me how a
hundred ten pound woman is able to
carry a person more than her body
weight and hoist that person precisely
onto a rack of hooks?
(off Hoffman's gaze)
And I haven't even mentioned the
physical strength needed to develop,
construct, and operate the museum of
death and dismemberment we just walked
through.

Straum is nearly nose to nose with Hoffman.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Now, let me ask you. Where is
Jigsaw's accomplice?

There's a beat between the two men.

HOFFMAN
There's something you should see,
Special Agent.

STRAUM
Show me.

Hoffman breaks the gaze, turning and exiting the room. Straum
and Perez exchange a look. She follows Hoffman.

Straum drops his gloves, stepping towards Amanda and leaning
down and ripping the KEY from around her neck.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- MONITOR ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Hoffman stands over a stack of MANILLA FOLDERS laid out on
the desk. They're the research files for all the CURRENT
VICTIMS in the lair (Tim, Danica, Holden, etc.).

HOFFMAN
Each victim was studied, abducted, and put into a game of death.
(beat)
As of today, there are an additional sixteen individuals classified as "missing" throughout the city. These individuals could have skipped town, fallen off a pier, or passed out drunk in some alleyway.

Hoffman glances to Straum.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Or, these individuals could be in similar predicaments as the victims here. We don't know.
(beat, motioning)
John Kramer and Amanda Denlon are back in that room dead. But you suspect that there is an additional accomplice out there? Maybe there is, Agent Straum.

Hoffman pulls out a FOLDER from underneath the pile. It's the FOLDER and PHOTO for SPECIAL AGENT PETER STRAUM.

Straum and Perez stare at the folder.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
And perhaps you're the man who's supposed to find out.

INT. LAW FIRM -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATE DAY

A well-groomed man with fashionable glasses and slick suit sits at a desk covered with papers and files. This is ATTORNEY BROWN (50s).

Mr. Brown is lax, needling as he lazily flips papers.

ATTNY. BROWN
With the completion of these documents the division of assets can commence. In this case however, without substantial assets to divide, we would focus on the outstanding debt that was accumulated while the marriage was in effect.

Mr. Brown is talking with a blond woman with mismatch clothes, bags under her eyes, and hair that hasn't seen a stylist in months. This is GLORIA (30s).

GLORIA
Division of debt? Are you serious?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
And how do you earn ten percent of nothing?

Both eyes in the room turn to the familiar voice.

And we get a look at him. Pale skin, gaunt, unshaven. This is what's left of DETECTIVE ERIC MATTHEWS.

He's twitchy, sitting in a chair, huddled to one side and unable to keep still.

ATTNY. BROWN
Well, Mr. Matthews, that depends. Your son, Daniel, is enrolled in a private school. That tuition *could* be used to--

GLORIA
That's not going to happen. It's my mother's money that pays for Daniel's education. It won't be touched.

ERIC
What do you propose, Mr. Brown? Want me to just take it on? Is that my role in this? Is that why I am here today? Why not? Alimony not cutting it? Like I need more of this shit.

GLORIA
Oh, god.

Gloria unconsciously rolls her eyes and grabs her pack of cigarettes from her oversized purse.

ATTNY. BROWN
There's no smoking in here, Mrs. Matthews.

RING-RING-RING! Eric's CELL PHONE rings on his hip. He instantly stops his conversation and reaches for it, checking the number.

GLORIA
That's right, Eric. Take the call.

ERIC
Get off my back, would you? I'm doing everything I can here.

Gloria's about to burst. And not being able to smoke is too much. She stands, moving from the office.

GLORIA
Yeah. And that's not much. Fuck you, Eric.

Eric rises to stop her.

ATTNY. BROWN
Mr. Matthews, I don't mean to intrude--

ERIC
Then don't!

Eric's tone, stops Mr. Brown. Eric's eyes drop to his cell. He doesn't answer.

Eric collects himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Look...just don't move.

Eric bolts from the room.

EXT. LAW OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Gloria barges from the law office, moving quickly. Eric is right behind, grabbing her shoulder as she clears the doorway.

ERIC
Gloria! Gloria, stop--

She pushes him away.

GLORIA
Don't! Don't you touch me!

ERIC
I'm sorry!

Gloria's about to storm away, but she doesn't.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I don't want to fight with you. But these people...

He motions back to the office.

ERIC (CONT'D)
They pit us against each other. They take what's already difficult and just ram it down our throat.

GLORIA
Is it _them_, Eric? Is it always really them?

ERIC
Baby...

GLORIA
I can't do this. Every time I see you, it's the same thing. I just can't.

ERIC
I'm sorry... I'm sorry. I don't want it to be like this either.

Eric moves closer to Gloria, putting his arms around her. She isn't so sure at first, but she eventually lets him.

GLORIA
You still think about her, don't you?

Eric stammers.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Don't you?

ERIC
Please... just try to--

Gloria leans her head into his chest and then, she pushes him away, shaking her head.

GLORIA
No. No. No. You're always sorry. I'm always sorry. We're just damaged. And the more time we spend together isn't going to fix that. It won't.

Gloria holds up her hands, keeping him away.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
It's not...

Gloria turns, moving away.

ERIC
Where are you going?

GLORIA
I'm going to my home, Eric.
(beat)
Danny's calling tonight. Someone has to be there for him.

Eric moves to follow her. But stops. He settles.

Eric turns to reenter the law office when a MAN bursts through the doors and BUMPS RIGHT INTO HIM.

Eric nearly falls over, and the man keeps going.

MAN
Watch it.

Eric can't see the man's face with a skull cap on and jacket collar turned up.

ERIC
Hey--

RING-RING-RING! Eric's cell phone rings again. He's distracted, looking to the number.

He looks back to his distancing wife. Too far gone. Eric answers the phone.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Yeah, what is it?!

Eric's eyes slowly change from anger to concern as he listens to the person on the other end.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- HALLWAY -- LATER

CLOMP-CLOMP-CLOMP! A brown boot and a heavy METAL FOOT make their way down a dank hallway.

It's Eric. And the results of his time with Jigsaw are seen. He uses a cane, and his metal foot hitting the floor declares his entrance anywhere.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric peaks around the corner to the examination room. Straum, Perez, and the Coroner stand around a body on a table.

Hoffman, holding a CELL PHONE, tries to get reception.

HOFFMAN
Hello?
(re: cell phone)
Damn it...

Eric takes a step into the room, being spotted by Hoffman

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Eric.

ERIC
Did you find her?

Hoffman's face sinks. He nods.

HOFFMAN
Eric. You don't want--

ERIC
Is that her?

A body bag sits on a slab. Kerry's name is visible.

Straum and Perez watch Eric.

Eric softly touches Kerry's body bag. A strand of hair pops up through the zipper.

Eric raises his head. He sees Amanda's body. Just ahead. Under a sheet.

Eric shambles forward. He's rattled.

HOFFMAN
Eric...

Eric puts a finger up to silence Hoffman.

Eric pulls back the sheet. Amanda's corpse looks up at him. His face is a plague of horrid memories.

Straum loudly exhales. His pen "clicks." Perez nudges him.

ERIC
Does someone want to tell me who the fuck is staring at my back?

HOFFMAN
This is Special Agent Straum and Special Agent Perez from the FBI.

ERIC
Yeah, I could tell from the suits.

HOFFMAN
They're here to help out, Eric.

A CORONER in scrubs clears his throat and looks to Eric. They've been examining JIGSAW'S BODY.

Eric looks to Jigsaw. His eyes tighten. It's the man who nearly took his son. His life.

ERIC
This is a cleanup job now, what do
we need help for?

Straum exchanges a look with Perez. He steps forward, pulling back the sheet over Jigsaw's torso.

CLOSE ON: In black paint, there's a QUESTION MARK, and written below it is, "MATTHEWS."

STRAUM
You tell us, detective.

Eric gulps.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The Coroner does the delicate work.

CLOSE ON: The scalpel cuts into Jigsaw's torso.

The Coroner fishes around, letting his hands do the searching. Then, he pulls something out.

It's a small WAX BALL.

CORONER
This was in his stomach.

PEREZ
What is it?

CORONER
Wax.

HOFFMAN
Why would he swallow wax?

ERIC
To protect what's inside from stomach
acid.

Eric slides a ZIPPO LIGHTER from his pocket.

ERIC (CONT'D)
We gotta melt it out.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: The Zippo fires to life. The Coroner holds the wax ball, gently burning it down.

HOFFMAN
Careful, doc.

All eyes stay on the melting wax ball.

RING-RING-RING! Hoffman's cell phone goes off. He looks to it, moving away to answer.

Straum looks to Eric. Their eyes connect. And neither looks away.

STRAUM
Why you?

ERIC
Because he's a sick fuck--

PEREZ
Or because you didn't finish your game. He didn't "fix" you.

ERIC
Oh no?

Eric's gaze drops to his METAL FOOT.

STRAUM
What happened, Detective Matthews? Why'd he spare your life?

Eric's eyes twitch ever so slightly and...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- SEWER **(FLASHBACK)**

THE FOLLOWING IS A HYPER CUT NIGHTMARE.

Amanda, bloodied and overcome with rage, moves back to Eric.

ERIC
You're not Jigsaw, bitch--

She pummels him with furious blows.

Amanda handcuffs Eric's arms around a pipe, hitting him one last time for good measure. She spits on him.

AMANDA
Enjoy the ride down, cocksucker...

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- LATE DAY

PRESENT

ERIC
I... I don't know.

HOFFMAN (O.S.)
Goddamn it.

Eric looks to Hoffman. Hoffman lost his call and he's trying to find a spot where his cell works.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Reception down here is for shit.

Eric tosses his CELL PHONE to Hoffman without missing a beat.

The focus shifts back to the melting wax. The wax is coming off, and it's revealed as a MICRO-CASSETTE TAPE.

CORONER
It says, "Play Me."

The Coroner grabs the MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER over his examining table and puts in the tape.

Tape hiss crackles to life. Every eye in the room dances between the recorder and the people standing opposite them.

That bone-chilling rasp fills the air.

Jigsaw.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Greetings, and welcome. Some in this room are no longer of this world. While others wish they had gone long ago. Now, there's a final game to be played to determine which path we all will take, and at the end, an understanding will be reached. An understanding you will know by the trail of the dead.
(beat)
All the pieces will soon come together, and the purpose, the reason, will soon be understood. But with clarity will come sacrifice, a sacrifice that not all will be able to make.
(beat)
Detective Matthews, your participation has been integral. In our time together, you came so far, but you didn't fully learn to cherish what's so precious in life. You still harbor your rage, and you still push away those that try to help you.
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(beat)
Today is your second conception. You will reach an ultimate comprehension, and we'll both be able to finish what we started so many years ago.

The tape hiss returns... until it finally clicks to a stop.

Straum and Perez glare into Eric. But Eric's head swims. So many memories bombarding his brain.

It's all coming back. The terror. The suffering. The pain.

Eric turns, grabbing his cell phone back from Hoffman and exiting the office.

ERIC
Bury this fuck, his bitch, and his goddamn tapes. I'm going home.

Straum "clicks" his pen as Eric limps out.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Eric moves down a dingy street on the way back to his apartment. Jigsaw's words still buzz in his ear.

A LIGHT RAIN falls.

Eric's eyes flutter, and his mind takes him back to...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- SEWER **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric's beaten to a pulp. Left for dead. His arms stuck in the handcuffs. His head hanging. Blood flowing down his face.

Then, a figure emerges from the shadows. It's JIGSAW.

Jigsaw kneels by Eric, pulling back his black hood, exposing his own beaten face.

JIGSAW
It's not yet your time, Detective.

Jigsaw, John Kramer, grabs Eric by the busted ankle.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric moves across the street to enter a FOUR-STORY WALKUP, having to step over some BUM lying in the doorway.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

A large, bulldog of a man, CAPTAIN CHANG (40s), sits behind a desk decorated with medals and plaques.

Straum and Perez stand, moving around the room. The walls are glass, looking out into an officer bullpen.

PEREZ
Jigsaw's talking directly with him, Captain.

STRAUM
If he isn't brought in for his own safety then he ought to be brought in for questioning.

CHANG
After what he's been through, to even suspect--

PEREZ
We understand that, and that's why we came to you first. But it's on the tape, Captain.

STRAUM
And there are still three days unaccounted for that Detective Matthews and Jigsaw spent together at a location that has yet to be discovered.

CHANG
He's told us everything he can remember.

PEREZ
Captain, how did he return?

CHANG
He didn't return...

EXT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING **(FLASHBACK)**

A large, blood-stained burlap sack sits out front the police station.

CHANG (V.O.)
He was delivered.

Rigg and his team approach. A bomb squad is right there.

RIGG
Oh my god.
(MORE)

RIGG (CONT'D)
(to squad)
Stand down! Stand down!

On top of the sack, Eric's POLICE BADGE glimmers like a greeting card.

RIGG (CONT'D)
We need an ambulance!

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

PRESENT

CHANG
I don't know what's left of the former Detective Eric Matthews. Not much.

INT. HOSPITAL -- OPERATING ROOM -- MORNING **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric is rushed into a room of doctors. LYNN pushes through the doors, scrubs on.

ERIC
Daniel... Daniel...

LYNN
I need you to calm down. You're going to be okay.
(to Anesthesiologist)
We need to stabilize...

Eric head sways back and forth.

FROM ERIC'S P.O.V.: The doctors and nurses are all wearing PIG MASKS.

ERIC
NO! GET BACK!

ERIC'S body surges. Lynn holds him.

LYNN
Keep him down!

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

PRESENT

CHANG
The day Detective Matthews returned was also the day his colleague, Kerry, was abducted. When he finally came to it was the first thing he heard.

INT. HOSPITAL -- ROOM -- NIGHT **(FLASHBACK)**

Chang stands with head dropped. Eric smashes up the room. He's adrenalined. An animal.

CHANG (V.O.)
Detective Matthews was first held at a different location. He thought that if he could just get us there, to where he was, Kerry could be saved.

EXT. THE HOUSE **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric leads the way. SWAT, officers, the works...charge in.

INT. THE HOUSE -- WAKE-UP ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

The bodies of the previous players decorate the location.

CHANG (V.O.)
But it wasn't the right location.

INT. BATHROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Xavier's rotting body. Jeff's foot. Adam's corpse. A gruesome mosaic of lost life.

Eric can barely look into the room.

ERIC
She has to be here... she has to....

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

PRESENT

CHANG
It was but another mausoleum. And it could be anywhere out there. This city's been dying for decades. We've got buildings rats won't even shit in all over this town.
(beat)
And any place could have been the next crypt.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

Eric climbs the stairs to the THIRD FLOOR, huffing for air.

CHANG (V.O.)
That was six months ago. Since then, Detective Matthews has stuck pretty close to his desk, pouring over the files.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- OUTSIDE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric moves down the hallway, towards his apartment, limping with every step.

CHANG (V.O.)
I hope today represents the end of this whole goddamn mess.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- BODY STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

There's a long, thin hallway with stark white lighting. A gurney is wheeled down the hallway.

The Coroner is doing the pushing. Taking his own sweet time.

CHANG (V.O.)
I see that tape as a remnant of a bygone time. A curio.

The long hallway opens up to the room for storing the dead bodies. The walls are dotted with METALLIC PULLOUT DRAWERS.

The Coroner opens one, transferring JIGSAW'S BODY from the gurney to the pullout metal drawer.

He closes the drawer, slamming closed the door. With a BLACK MARKER, he writes the name on the outside card.

CHANG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jigsaw, as we knew him, is now but a ghost.

CLOSE ON: The Coroner writes, "JOHN KRAMER."

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Straum and Perez hover over Chang's desk.

PEREZ
So how did Jigsaw get his information? How did he know so much about the victims?

STRAUM
He had access to classified information. Access granted to a select few.

CHANG
You think Detective Matthews is Jigsaw's accomplice?

PEREZ
Amanda Denlon survives, joins the game.

STRAUM
See a pattern, Captain?

CHANG
Maybe. But there was another "survivor."

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR UPPER LEVEL **(FLASHBACK)**

NED is strapped to the chair as two drill approach his neck. SING, in a standoff with TAPP and Jigsaw, shoots the two drill bits off, saving Ned's life.

CHANG (V.O.)
Ned Baker. Petty car thief. Addict. Typical lowlife scum.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Chang's eyes shift to a MEMORIAL PLAQUE of fallen officers on his wall. Too many pictures. Too many names.

CHANG
Not worth the loss of a good cop.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR UPPER LEVEL **(FLASHBACK)**

Ned jerks as he hears the SHOTGUN BLAST that kills Sing. Tapp's GURGLED CRIES echo in the distance.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

PRESENT

STRAUM
Where is Ned Baker?

CHANG
Right now?
(off Straum's nod)
Missing. Just like sixteen others.

Chang to the officer bullpen.

There's an entire wall dedicated to the sixteen missing people Hoffman spoke of. SIXTEEN MUGSHOTS stare back at Straum and Perez. Ned is one of them.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

The door opens, casting light into Eric's spartan apartment. Eric enters, closing the door behind him.

CLOSE ON: His feet move along the floor, passing a slack METAL TRIP WIRE across the living room floor entryway.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Eric moves down the hallway towards the kitchen.

CLOSE ON: His feet step over a slack METAL TRIP WIRE at the entryway to the kitchen.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Eric enters, moving towards the refrigerator and opening it.

CLOSE ON: Inside the fridge. Not much.

Eric grabs a carton of orange juice, tipping it back and takes a drink.

Eric's eyes rise to the ceiling, seeing something along the crease of the ceiling and wall.

He lowers the orange juice carton, looking.

CLOSE ON: It's the thin metal trip wire. Running along the crease, almost invisible in the dark room.

On the wall behind Eric, there's a mounted CROSS BOW-like device pointing back down the hallway towards the front door.

But before Eric can turn and see it--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(faint)
Ahh...

Eric flinches, DROPPING the juice carton on the floor.

He instinctually grabs his HANDGUN from his shoulder holster, looking towards the living room.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Eric eases down the hallway, his handgun leading the way. He looks for anything out of place.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(distorted)
Help...

Eric's handgun aims into the living room.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The walls are papered with JIGSAW NEWSPAPER ITEMS. Not a spot of paint. But that's not what gets his eye.

It's a rail-thin businessman with white hair and reddish face. He's bound to a chair with a strap across his forehead holding his head against the chair back.

This is BERNARD (40s).

Bernard's mouth is held wide open by a DENTAL DEVICE. Metal wires zig-zag between his teeth, connected to a trip wire that is connected to METAL COLLAR DEVICE.

The collar device is like a CIGAR CUTTER. Yet, in this case, the cigar is Bernard's neck.

Currently, the blades on either side of the device are open. But trip the wire, the blades will snap together and pop off Bernard's head.

BERNARD
Help... help... help...

Eric takes a step towards Bernard, snagging a TRIP WIRE. It runs to a TV in the corner of the room.

ERIC
Fuck!

ZZCCCCCHHH!

The TV flashes to life. And from the static comes an image. The doll.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello, Eric. And welcome home.
(an ironic chuckle)
Now, the clock starts ticking on your final game. Before you sits a man deserving of death. A disgraced man convicted of peddling what he was once trusted to prescribe.
(beat)
He's but a stop in the road for you. His life means nothing. But within him is the key that you'll need to advance. This man is but one of four obstacles that you will have to overcome in order to succeed.
(MORE)

DOLL (CONT'D)
(beat)
Look closely, Eric.

ON TV: The doll image flashes away. It's replaced with a woman standing on a BLOCK OF ICE with NOOSE around her neck. It's GLORIA. Eric's ex-wife.

Eric's eyes strain.

ERIC
You fuck...

ON TV: Back to the doll.

DOLL
Your ex-wife, Gloria, has ninety minutes before the block of ice she stands upon melts and she hangs to death.
(beat)
You have a choice, Eric. You can either let the man in front of you die, collect the key within him, and move on to the next location. Or you can try to save him, and lose precious time in the process.
(beat)
However, saving him will take a steady hand. The wires within his mouth are live. If touched, the device around his neck will be sprung. The only way to free the man... the key. The only clue to the next location... the key. The only chance to save your wife... the key.
(beat)
Are you a killer or are you a hero, Eric? The choice is yours.

The image cuts, and the TV goes black.

POP-POP-POP! Eric jerks back as a row of CHERRY BOMBS ring out like gunshots and destroy the TV.

Behind Eric, a SINKER AND LINE drops into place across the front doorway.

Eric sees the trip wire by the living room entryway floor. It's now tight. Active.

Eric's eyes rise to above the door.

THREE SPIKED MACES are held into place with a SPRING TRAP. Trip the wire and it's a spiked mace to the face.

On the far wall, there's a MOUNTED CAMERA. Next to that is a DIGITAL CLOCK. It turns on and the clock reads down from NINETY MINUTES.

ERIC
No... no... no...

The smoke from the cherry bombs and the busted TV drift up to a SMOKE ALARM.

It rings out.

Eric grips his head, his emotions overwhelming.

He rips out the smoke alarm and hurls into the clock. The clock shatters.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Straum and Perez stand over Captain Chang.

STRAUM
It's time to make a decision, Captain.

Chang shakes his head, looking at the files in front of him. Then, a YOUNG OFFICER sticks his head into the room.

YOUNG OFFICER
We got a call of possible shots fired from an apartment at 200 East Delaware.

CHANG
Yeah, its Friday night--

YOUNG OFFICER
It's Detective Matthews's apartment, Captain.

Both Straum and Perez storm from the office.

STRAUM
Decision made.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Eric screams at the top of his lungs, hitting the pictures of Jigsaw on his wall with all his might.

Bernard stares, trying not to move his mouth and set off the collar device.

ERIC
Fuck... fuck... fuck...

CLOSE ON: A KEY hangs from the back of Bernard's throat. From the UVULA. But it's jailed by the many wires.

Bernard mumbles, trying to will Eric with his eyes to do the right thing and help him.

Eric grabs the TWEEZERS placed on the top of the chair. He eases it towards Bernard's mouth but--

HIS HANDS SHAKE LIKE HELL.

Bernard mumbles. Eric recoils and swings at the air.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Fuck!!!

Eric keeps his back to Bernard, trying to settle himself. And after a beat--

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm going to save you, okay?

Bernard doesn't make a peep. Eric turns.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Okay?

Bernard mumbles, as if saying "okay."

Eric moves forward again, raising the tweezers and moving them towards Bernard's mouth.

It's like a game of OPERATION. Touch the metal, and the buzzer goes off.

Eric's hand trembles, but he's able to keep the tweezers steady. It slides between two wires and into Bernard's mouth--

EXT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

A half dozen cop cars screech to a halt in front of Eric's apartment. Rigg leads a SWAT team into the front entryway.

The BUM stirs.

Straum and Perez enter behind the SWAT team, handguns out.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The tweezers mere centimeters away.

Eric holds his breath. Bernard's eyes are wide.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- OUTSIDE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The SWAT team gets to the top of the stairs, moving towards Eric's door and--

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The tweezers clamp down on the key, plucking it from the uvula. Now, the short trip out.

ERIC

I got it...

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

WHAM! The door flies off its hinges.

CLOSE ON: A metal wire along the doorframe TIGHTENS.

THREE MEMBERS of the SWAT team barrel into the entryway--

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Eric's hand lurches, but the tweezers don't hit the metal wire--

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN

The metal wire leading the mounted cross bow device tightens and THREE ARROWS SHOOT OUT--

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Two arrows plunge into the SWAT body armor. But one of the members takes an ARROW TO THE THROAT.

He gags, blood spewing from his neck. He stumbles back, Rigg pulling him back to safety.

RIGG

Under fire!

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Eric is frozen, only allowing his eyes to rise.

SWAT MEMBER

Freeze!!!

The two remaining SWAT members train their rifles on Eric, the RED LASER DOTS bouncing off his face.

Eric stands with his hands inches from Bernard's trapped face.

ERIC
Okay... easy... easy...

CLOSE ON: The SWAT member's boot pushes against the trip wire on the entryway to the living room.

Eric sees this.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Stop! Stop! Don't come in! Stop!

Rigg lurks from around the corner.

RIGG
Eric--

ERIC
Rigg, do not move! Do not come in here! Do no come in here!

Straum and Perez move up behind the SWAT Team.

STRAUM
Detective Matthews, take your hands off the hostage!

ERIC
No... no... he's not a hostage...

STRAUM
Detective Matthews, do as you're told and your life will be spared!

ERIC
Look...

Eric's eyes shift to the TV. It's destroyed. The mounted camera. They can't see it. The digital clock. Shattered.

ERIC (CONT'D)
This is a game! I'm in a game!

STRAUM
Take your hands from the hostage, Detective Matthews!

ERIC
No... my wife... he has my wife...

CLOSE ON: Straum nudges the SWAT members forward, their boots pushing on the trip wire.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Don't--

Too late. The trip wire is pulled. And the THREE MACES swing down, smashing the faces of the two SWAT members.

Instant death as they fall back, letting off a few rounds.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The errant shots plunge into the CEILING, causing the ASBESTOS CEILING to crumble and come down like a DUSTY SNOW. The mounted camera blows into smoke and sparks.

Eric moves and--

The collar device CLAMPS TOGETHER, popping off Bernard's head.

Bernard's body slides out from the collar device, falling to the floor.

BLAM-BLAM! Two more errant shots from the SWAT members. They miss Eric as he falls back.

Straum tries to push past the fallen men.

Eric's looks at Bernard.

<u>CLOSE ON</u>: The key hangs between his teeth.

STRAUM
Freeze!

Straum has a shot on Eric. Eric has to get the key. He has to go. NOW.

ERIC
She'll be dead by the time you understand!

Eric dives for Bernard, rolling him up--

BLAM-BLAM! Two shots plunge into Bernard's dead body.

Straum stumbles over the two dead SWAT members on the floor.

The only way out of the living room is past the six people in the entryway.

Eric grabs the key. Hoists up Bernard and he sprints for the WINDOW ON THE FAR WALL.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Shots ring out at Eric. But they hit Bernard, Eric's human shield.

Eric rams through the LARGE GLASS WINDOW with Bernard's body and--

EXT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

WHAM! Bernard flies out first with Eric holding onto him. And the two plunge the THREE-STORIES from the window down to the alley below...

BAM! Eric and Bernard both land on the roof of a PARKED CAR, Eric using Bernard's body as a landing cushion.

The windows of the car BLOW OUT in a glass explosion, and the roof COLLAPSES.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Straum and the others can't believe what Eric just did.

STRAUM
Fucking Christ...

They barrel towards the shattered window.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Eric's alive. Beat to shit. But alive. He's able to roll from the smashed in car roof, still holding the KEY in hand.

STRAUM (O.S.)
Don't move!

Straum hangs out the window, his handgun aimed.

But Eric's already on the move, sprinting down the alley as best he can with one good foot.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Bullets pepper the cement. But none connect. And Matthews is gone around the corner.

Straum steams, glaring as the drapes flutter in the wind.

EXT. CITY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Matthews moves down the street, ducking in an alleyway. He slides off his blood-stained shirt, hiding it in a trash can.

In the distance, the sound of POLICE SIRENS are heard.

He has to move. The rain's coming down heavier now.

Eric's eyes drop to the KEY. It's a simple door key. And there's a STAMP on it with a NUMBER

CLOSE ON: The stamp reads, "ALEXANDER MOTEL - #17."

Eric knows the place. It's nearby.

He moves to a SLEEPING BUM covered by makeshift cardboard awning, protecting him from the rainy elements.

Eric coyly grabs a JACKET, moving as the Bum wakes.

BUM
Hey...

INT. DARK ROOM -- NIGHT

A lone light bulb swings from a cord in the barren room. No windows. Just a metal door with DIGITAL LOCK.

In the corner, someone sitting in a chair. But upon closer look, it's not a person. It's a HARLEQUIN DOLL. Bone white. Red circles on the cheeks.

Of screen, there's a SOUND of whimpering. It's a MAN. And he's in bad shape. But he remains UNSEEN.

The Unseen Man frantically puts on a DIGITAL WATCH.

Then, the lock on the door POPS OPEN, and the door swings open a bit, letting the outside light shoot into the room.

The Unseen Man rises, moving to the doll and stuffing it into a large back pack.

It's noticed that as the Unseen Man moves, there's a sound of METAL CLANGING together.

The Unseen Man cautiously approaches the door. He peeks out and then exits.

On the floor, there's a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Now a crime scene. Drenched in blood. Bodies under white sheets. Forensics already takes pictures.

Rigg walks up as Straum looks at the many newspaper items on the wall.

RIGG
An all points bulletin has been issued, he can't get far.

STRAUM
(to Rigg)
You staying on?

RIGG
I've got five dead men. I'm on.

Straum turns, lowering his voice and leans into Perez.

STRAUM
You okay?

Perez nods, and then points to the traps around the apartment.

PEREZ
Why does a guy rig his own apartment
with traps?

STRAUM
In case it's raided.

PEREZ
But he doesn't have an escape?

STRAUM
(re: busted window)
He improvised alright.

Perez sighs.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
We don't know. This could have been
prep work. Or practice. He could
be the accomplice or a copy cat. Or
maybe even, it's revenge. All I
know is that he didn't stick around
to fill us in.

PEREZ
He said something about his wife.
(trying to remember)
"My wife... my wife... he has my
wife."

RIGG
Gloria. We've been unable to locate
her. And Detective Matthews was
talking about Jigsaw.

STRAUM
Jigsaw is dead.

Straum points to a GROUP OF PHOTOS. All of the SAME WOMAN.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
I want to see her...

It's a blond. Pretty. Natural. The woman from Jigsaw's
SAW 3 flashback. The woman Jigsaw loved. HIS WIFE.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
I want to see Jigsaw's wife.
(MORE)

STRAUM (CONT'D)
(to Rigg)
Have Detective Hoffman meet us. I need that 20 right now. We are rolling.

RIGG
Copy that.
(into shoulder walkie)
I need Hoffman ASAP.

INT. HOFFMAN'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

RING-RING-RING! A cell phone rings. Hoffman's quick to pick it up off screen.

HOFFMAN (O.S.)
Yeah. Alright. Alright.

Hoffman enters frame, exiting the bedroom and closing the door behind him. He's cleaning off his hands.

He moves down the hallway moving towards the front door.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
I'll be there in ten minutes.

In the reflection of a HALLWAY MIRROR in an unlit room, a PIG MASK WATCHES.

EXT. CITY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric, with dirty jacket on and hood up, blends into the decrepit surroundings.

It's urban squalor. He fits right in.

He sees a crummy motel that might have been alright back in its heyday, but that was about seventy years ago.

CLOSE ON: The key. ALEXANDER MOTEL.

It's a match.

Eric steps off the curb, but he turns instantly as a POLICE CRUISER comes up the street with TWO COPS glaring out.

Eric hides his face, moving back under an awning with several other loitering LOWLIFES.

The cops look to the line of lowlifes, but they don't even notice Eric, moving on down the block.

Eric steps from the awning, keeping his head down.

INT. MOTEL -- CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Dirty. The decay of little or no maintenance eats at the wall. A hanging light flickers.

Eric stops at ROOM 17. Looks familiar. Didn't Dr. Gordon come here in SAW 1?

He pulls out his HANDGUN from his shoulder holster and tries the key.

CLOSE ON: The key enters the lock. Perfect fit. It turns...

Unlocking the door.

Eric looks left to right and pushes on the door. But it's STUCK. Clearly, nothing good is going to come from him forcing the door.

He doesn't have a choice. Eric grips his handgun, takes a deep breath, and PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR...

INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

BANG! The florescent light on the ceiling pops on, illuminating the room.

The walls and ceiling are covered with SOUND FOAM. In the corner is a TV. A MOUNTED CAMERA hangs from the ceiling. And a DIGITAL CLOCK is on the wall.

CLOSE ON: The clock reads 72:18 minutes and dropping...

A MONITOR sits on a stand. It shows Gloria with noose around her neck, standing on the melting ice block.

Eric's eyes turn to a scraggly man bound in a large chair that resembles an electric chair. He has a BALL AND GAG in his mouth. He's twitchy. His eyes bugged. TRACK MARKS cover his arms.

This is IVAN (40s).

But Ivan isn't what catches Eric's eye.

It's the walls and floor. THOUSANDS OF RUSTY METAL SKEWERS of all shapes and sizes stick out.

It's like a minefield of skewers.

Eric can't get too close to any wall. He watches each step.

Ivan starts squirming and making noise. So, Eric's forced to close the door, locking it.

Eric eyes Ivan. His ARMS and LEGS are bound to the chair with BARB WIRE, the blood oozing from his wounds. His head is pulled to the chair back by a CHAIN around his neck. There's a LOCK holding it in place.

ZZCCCCCCHH!

The TV pops on to static. Then, an image comes on. It's the doll, turning to look at Eric.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello, Eric. I congratulate you on the resourcefulness of being able to traverse the urban squalor that the depraved and addicted call home. Appropriately, one wrong step and it could be your last.
(beat)
The man before you comes from the field of listening and helping the mentally ill. However, to feed his own chemical desires, he's destroyed more than he could ever save. He's a felon. A pariah. Ruining his own life and every other life he's ever touched.
(beat)
Hidden within this man lies another key with dual purposes. It opens the lock around his neck, and it leads you to your next obstacle. Your time should not be spent saving him, for he'll kill you if given the chance.
(beat)
Sixty seconds from now, this man's head will be crushed, and his pathetic existence will be brought to an end. All that will be left is a key, and you'll be one step closer to success.
(beat)
So, Eric. Will you show pity to the incorrigible? Or will you turn a deaf ear? The choice is yours.

The image on the TV goes to static. Then to black.

An ENGINE, encased in metal, roars to life. It's loud, but the sound foam on the walls keeps it exclusive to this room.

TWO METAL PLATES on either side of Ivan's head start to come together. It's a VISE. And it's going to crush Ivan's head.

Eric steps forward, avoiding the skewers on the floor. He looks to Ivan's head, seeing blood trickling down an EAR. THE KEY IS INSIDE.

Eric takes off Ivan's ball and gag. Ivan coughs, looking to the man before him.

IVAN
Are you a cop?

ERIC
Yeah.

Ivan's eyes widen and strain a bit.

The vise tightens... close... closer...

IVAN
Okay... okay... Get me out of here! Please!

Eric touches Ivan's bloody ear, causing Ivan to flinch.

Eric looks around. He needs to move. Eric bends down, pulling a SKEWER from the floor.

ERIC
This is going to hurt.

IVAN
Okay... go... go...

The vise gets closer... closer... closer...

Eric jams the skewer into Ivan's bloody ear, causing Ivan to SCREAM.

<u>CLOSE ON</u>: The skewer digs into the flesh.

Eric tries to use a finger, spreading apart the hole.

Ivan cries horribly.

The vise tightens... closer.... closer...

Ivan's head is going to be crushed.

<u>CLOSE ON</u>: The skewer hooks the key.

Eric sees it, he digs for it, but the vise is getting too close--

IVAN (CONT'D)
Come on!!!

Eric digs for the key...

The vise is going to crush Ivan's head when--

Eric raises his leg and JAMS HIS METAL FOOT BETWEEN THE VISE.

The engine churns, trying to move but Eric's metal foot is keeping it from advancing.

Eric gets out the key.

It's bloody as hell, SLIPPING and FALLING ONTO THE FLOOR.

ERIC
Fuck!!!

IVAN
Get it! Get it! Get it!

Eric leans back, keeping his foot in place. He's barely able to grab the key with his outstretched hand.

But something catches his eye.

Under the chair, a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER lies covered in blood. Discarded. Clearly, Ivan was once holding it.

Eric reaches for it, but--

The engine emits a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE. The vise begins to SHAKE--

Eric scoops up the key--

He fumbles with the lock--

Smoke billows from the SCREAMING ENGINE--

IVAN (CONT'D)
Come on!!!

Eric undoes the lock, yanking Ivan's head forward and his foot out of the vise as--

WHAM! The vise SLAMS TOGETHER, causing the engine to cut out.

The two men gasp, looking to each other.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Thank you... thank you...

Eric nods, sliding the key into a pocket and untwisting the barb wire that binds Ivan's arms and legs to the chair.

ERIC
I need your help.

Eric's eyes rise to the clock.

<u>CLOSE ON</u>: 69:54 and dropping...

ERIC (CONT'D)
You have to go to the police. Right away. And you have to tell them that I helped you. They think I'm doing this.

Eric finishes with the barb wire, totally freeing Ivan. He turns and rises, moving for the door.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I need you to tell them that we're both in this game.

Eric pulls out the KEY, looking to it. It's a brass key. No markings. No nothing.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Shit...

Behind him, Ivan rises. Quivering. Not relieved.

Instead, Ivan's about to burst. He's clocking Eric.

Ivan's chest heaves. He touches his back pocket, pulling out a STEEL BLADE.

He's almost shocked to see it. And his bugged eyes rise again to Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey, there was a tape...

Eric turns, but Ivan is already LUNGING AT HIM WITH THE BLADE.

The two lock up. Eric drops the key. They stumble back into the door, just missing a SKEWER.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing!?

Ivan doesn't reply. He's a man possessed. His eyes bulge. And he tries to THRUST the blade into Eric's face.

The blade is pushed closer. Closer.

Ivan's strong. Incensed.

And he pushes the blade within centimeters of Eric's face when--

Eric spins, using Ivan's own weights to push him into the DOOR SKEWER--

IVAN
Ahh!

Blood SQUIRTS from Ivan's chest wound.

Ivan swings the blade back at Eric, but Eric jerks him, causing Ivan to stumble backwards and to fall onto a BED OF SKEWERS.

Ivan gasps in pain.

The skewers jamming into his torso, legs, arms, and the back of his head.

Ivan gargles blood, reaching out for Eric.

And then, Ivan's life slips away.

Eric pants, regaining his breath, looking to the BLOOD covering his clothes.

He shakes his head. What the fuck was that?

Eric's eyes rise to the MOUNTED CAMERA. The red light almost mocking him.

He grits his teeth and moves to the MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER under the torture chair.

Eric grabs it. Presses REWIND and PLAY.

Tape hiss, and then the familiar distorted voice comes on--

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Ivan. I want to play a game.
(beat)
You're probably wondering what you're doing in this inescapable predicament. Like your previous terms in prison, your only chance of survival is through your own will and from the intervention of others.
(beat)
A man will try to save you. A detective. And if this man is successful, then your game begins.
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(beat)
Inside you is the very thing that will save your life... but it is also the one thing that will ruin it. It's a key. And it opens the lock to your home. A home filled with enough illegal drugs to warrant a third and final felony that comes with a minimum sentence of twenty-five years to life.
(beat)
There's a blade in your back pocket. Accept your fate to rot in prison, or destroy the man who saves you and guarantee your freedom.
(beat)
Make your choice.

The tape hiss returns. And then it cuts out.

Eric THROWS the micro-cassette recorder at the mounted camera, SHATTERING the recorder into pieces.

ERIC
Fuck you!!!

Eric then moves to the fallen KEY, picking it up.

He turns to Ivan, pulling Ivan's WALLET from the back of his pants.

In the wallet, Eric sees a DRIVER'S LICENSE. And Eric now has Ivan's home address, and his NEXT LOCATION.

Eric looks to the mounted camera again.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Try to trick me?! Huh, you fuck?! Well, I beat you! I beat your fucking game!

Eric turns, moving to exit the room.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

A square room. The walls and ceiling are COPPER. Only door into the room. The floor is COPPER GRATING.

In the middle, Gloria stands on a BLOCK OF ICE. There's a NOOSE around her neck. The ROPE leads to the ceiling.

On the ceiling, there are a CIRCLE OF BURNERS.

Gloria's HANDS are bound behind her back. And she has a small CLICKER in her hand.

She hits the clicker, and the burners TURN ON.

Gloria tries to move her body so that the rope gets close to a burner, but her FREEZING FEET SLIP, and she almost slides off the ice cube.

GLORIA
Goddamn it!

She cries, frustrated. Her emotions flowing.

With the burners raising the room temperature, the ice cube MELTS just a little bit faster.

Now we understand why the room is copper. Copper is the most conductive metal there is. Once the temperature rises, it stays there.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?! Huh?!
Huh, you crazy asshole?!

Gloria's yelling to someone in the corner of the room. The PERSON sits in front of a BANK OF MONITORS.

<u>CLOSE ON</u>: The person puts a finger to their lips as if to say, "Shhhhh."

<u>EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT</u>

Eric exits the motel, putting up his hood to protect his face, and to protect it from the raining elements.

He notices his bloody covered hands, stuffing them into his pockets. Eric moves.

<u>EXT. ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER</u>

Eric ducks down an alleyway. He kneels by a puddle of water, hastily rinsing his hands free of the blood.

As he rises, shaking his hands dry, his eyes connect with a FEMALE PASSERBY.

The Female Passerby stares to Eric. She has a cell phone to her ear. She's seen the blood. She's shocked, whispering something to the other person on the line.

Eric turns, seeing a MALE STORE OWNER. The Male Store Owner has been watching Eric from his front stoop. He quickly turns, reentering his business.

Eric turns back down the alley, running.

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

This isn't Jigsaw's home, it's John Kramer's home. An upper middle class home with furnishing from Pier 1 and the like.

It's a testament to a life of hard work with a touch of class.

Along the mantle, several photos sit in frames. They're of John and his ex-wife, JILL, in happier times. Vacations. Family gatherings. Friends. The norm.

However, no kids.

There are several framed NEWSPAPER CUTOUTS featuring John. He seems to have been a rather prominent person in the past.

In a chair, Jill sits. Her hands in her lap. Her head lowered. An emotional wreck.

Perez sits close, but Straum moves around the room looking at photos and other things.

Rigg and a few other UNIFORMED OFFICERS hover by the front door, their radios squawking.

JILL
I don't know what kind of questions you could possibly have now, but I've been over this with you all a million times before--

STRAUM
Not with us.

PEREZ
Mrs. Kramer--

JILL
It's Jenson. I took back my maiden name after the divorce.

STRAUM
Then why keep up all the photos?

Jill drops her gaze again.

PEREZ
Ms. Jenson, we're concerned for your safety--

JILL
John's dead.
(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)
And besides, he never would have hurt me. He wasn't the monster the papers made him out to be.

STRAUM
I've seen a dozen disfigured, burned, and dismembered people who would disagree with you.

Jill blinks back a flush of emotion.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
He was a repellent creature printed on skin. We want to know why.
(pointing to a photo)
Now, who's this guy?

JILL
His old business partner.

Perez shoots Straum a look like, "shut up." A bites his tongue, looking back to the photos.

PEREZ
Ms. Jenson, we're concerned about this man.

Perez pulls out ERIC'S PHOTO.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
Does he look familiar to you?

JILL
I've seen him in the papers.

PEREZ
Besides that. Did your ex-husband know him before?

JILL
No. Other than the papers, I've never seen him before in my life.

PEREZ
I see--

JILL
John was a loving, gentle man. I just don't see how he could have done all those things...

Jill trails out as the corners of her mouth quiver ever so slightly. And she looks away, dropping head again.

PEREZ
Ms. Jenson, you met in college, correct?

JILL
Yes. He studied engineering--

STRAUM
(interrupting)
We want to talk about you.

Jill's nostalgic gaze drops. Being under such pressure is new to her.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Tell me about the clinic where you used to work. Jigsaw didn't like it, right?

JILL
John. His name is John.

Straum shrugs. Jill takes a moment, gathering her thoughts.

JILL (CONT'D)
He supported me, if that's what you're asking, but he was protective, and the people there... you know.

INT. JILL'S CLINIC -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

A chaotic, crowded, non-profit clinic holding on by donations and a staff kind enough to give their time.

Jill's the ring leader, wearing a HEAVY COAT at this point.

JILL
(moving)
Gotta go, gotta go, gotta go.

A NURSE jumps in front of her.

NURSE
Jill, where are the finger splints?

JILL
(pointing and moving)
Cabinet. Bottom left drawer. Make sure to mark it for inventory.

As Jill turns, wrapping her neck with a scarf, she runs right into a YOUNG MOTHER and her LITTLE BOY.

YOUNG MOTHER
Ma'am, can you help me? My son needs his asthma meds and County says I've reached my max for the month.

Jill's eyes move to the waiting area. She sighs.

JILL
No problem.
(pointing)
That's the sign-in desk, just put down your name and someone will be right with you.

YOUNG MOTHER
Thank you, thank you so much.

The Young Mother leads her WHEEZING little boy towards the sign-in desk.

The waiting area is thirty deep. The Young Mother isn't going to get help for at least three hours.

Jill knows it. She turns, seeing the person waiting for her.

It's JOHN.

He looks good. Healthy. And he wears a smirk. He's been watching her.

In his nicely pressed oxford shirt, blazer, and overcoat, he's clearly out of place amongst the uninsured seeking free medical treatment.

Jill stands, her eyes drifting back towards the wheezing little boy.

She looks back to John, her heart breaking for the little boy.

Jill doesn't have to say a word. John knows the routine.

He smirks, nodding for her to go help him.

A smile crosses Jill's face, and she mouths, "I love you," blowing him a kiss.

She moves back to help the little boy.

John's smile glows, but it lowers as he watches Jill walk away.

Around John, waiting for treatment, a few familiar faces are seen.

XAVIER with a bloody hand. LAURA. JONAS. None of them know each other at this point. Why would they?

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jill's head tilts, remembering.

PEREZ
So your marriage fell apart because of your job?

JILL
No. John just never understood why I'd give so much to people who didn't--

STRAUM
"Cherish their lives?"
(beat)
Not exactly the traits of a "loving, gentle man," huh, Ms. Jenson?

JILL
(stern)
He's dead now.

She stares to Straum, calming herself.

JILL (CONT'D)
You didn't know him. He loved me. You don't know half the good he did.
(off Straum's glare)
Go ahead, though. Make your analysis. Read me. Take that condescending, self-righteous tone and classify John all you want. You didn't know him. You never will.
(a beat)
Stop insulting me.

There's a tense beat as Jill lowers her head again. Perez and Straum exchange a look and--

RIGG
(hushed)
He's been spotted. Downtown.

Straum moves. Perez puts a hand on Jill's knee.

PEREZ
Thank you for your time, Ms. Jenson.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Eric moves down the street. He glances at Ivan's wallet once again.

He then looks to a DIGITAL CLOCK on the side of a building.

Eric crosses the street and down some stairs, passing a sign that reads, "SUBWAY."

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

It's a sparsely filled platform. Some going home from work. And others heading out for the night.

Eric stands at the end. His hood up. His eyes watching the platform for anything threatening.

All is fine until--

A UNIFORMED COP comes down the stairs. His radio squawks. Clearly, he's looking for someone.

Eric backs up, hiding himself behind a pillar, watching the cop out of the corner of his eyes.

CLOSE ON: Eric's hand instinctually reaches inside his jacket, gripping his shoulder harnessed handgun.

As Eric's eyes turn away from the cop, there's a TEEN GIRL staring right at him. She sees the HANDGUN.

Her eyes are wide.

Eric moves away, anxiety now rushing in.

The cop slowly moves down the platform. He looks to all the people, looking under the slickers and rain hats.

Eric keeps at a distance, trying to coyly move past the cop on the opposite side of the platform.

As the cop moves down the platform, Eric moves up, staying behind the pillars.

Eric's eyes glance back. The Teen Girl is still watching him. But she's now whispering to someone else, nodding to Eric.

That person looks to Eric as well.

Eric has to get the hell out of here. And he knows it.

He stays behind the pillars, only moving when the cop isn't looking. They're about even now.

Eric holds still, looking back to the Teen Girl. She's watching his every move. Her eyes drift to the cop.

As the cop moves towards the Teen Girl, Eric moves.

He doesn't stop this time.

He keeps his head down, moving for the stairs up to the street.

There's some COMMOTION behind Eric.

The Teen Girl moves up next to the cop, pointing in Eric's direction.

The cop is suddenly AWARE.

Eric's close to the stairs. Closer. Closer. Closer.

He's within ten feet when--

COP (O.S.)
Freeze!!!

Eric stops.

COP (CONT'D)
Do not move! Do not move!

Eric still has his back to the cop. He raises his hands, and he slowly turns around.

The cop moves up, his hand moving to the walkie-talkie on his shoulder when--

A SUBWAY train barrels into the station.

A gust of WIND. TRASH fills the air. A strobe of subway lights off Eric's face.

The cop moves closer, barking out orders.

The PEOPLE on the platform begin to panic, moving away from Eric.

Then, the subway stops.

And DOZENS OF PEOPLE exit the train, oblivious to what's happening on the platform.

They pass between the cop and Eric.

And that's all Eric needs--

He BOLTS for the stairway.

COP (CONT'D)
Hey!!!

The cop can't shoot. He yells into his walkie-talkie.

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

The cop moves through the corridor in chase.

COP
(into walkie-talkie)
Officer 1502 in pursuit of Eric
Matthews coming up from the State
Street subway station to--

He takes a corner and--

WHACK! Eric clobbers him with a fist to the face.

The cop crumbles to the ground. And before he can recover, Eric takes his handgun and handcuffs him to a utility pipe.

ERIC
Do not chase me! I'm in a game!
(he takes a breath)
He has my wife, and he's going to
kill her.

Eric's eyes rise. There's a CLOCK right over his head. Tick-tick-tick.

Eric rips out the cop's walkie-talkie, throwing it to the ground. He tucks the handgun into his waistline, moving down the corridor.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric comes up from the stairs, instantly turning and joining a CROWD OF PEOPLE moving along the sidewalk.

He gets about twenty feet away when two POLICE CRUISERS come to a stop at the subway station entrance.

FOUR COPS jump out, running down the stairs with handguns pulled.

Eric takes a corner, vanishing.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The DIGITAL CLOCK is at 57:46 and dropping.

Gloria squirms on the block of ice. She has to alternate raising her feet so that they don't go totally numb.

The block of ice is lower. Melting away. And the noose is tight now.

At the bank of monitors, the person sits. There's a HANDGUN on the table.

And this time, the BLACK CLOAK with RED TRIM is noticed.

Yet, the person has a CAST cover their entire forearm. Like for a broken bone.

INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

The second trap scene. Cops everywhere. Forensics looking for clues, carefully making a path free of the skewers.

The MONITOR with Gloria on it is now a black screen.

Perez kneels next to Ivan with Rigg over her shoulder.

RIGG
We're sweeping the downtown subway stations. No visuals as of yet.

Straum nods, looking to Perez.

STRAUM
(re: Ivan)
Who is he?

PEREZ
Don't know. But for an innocent man, Detective Matthews sure is leaving a lot of dead bodies in his wake.

STRAUM
If he's tying up loose ends why go through the whole routine? Why not just put a bullet in the guy's brain?

PEREZ
Creating an alibi?

Straum nods, motioning to the trap.

STRAUM
This trap mean anything to either of you?

Rigg and Perez both look, shaking their heads.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Jigsaw's used it before. It was in the sketches taken from his lair.
(looking at trap)
What do you wanna bet there's a sketch just like the device in Detective Matthews's apartment too?

RIGG
So why are they showing up now?

Straum shakes his head as Perez holds up Ivan shirt.

PEREZ
What about this?

CLOSE ON: A JIGSAW piece taken out of his stomach skin.

RIGG
Trophy, that's what he does.

STRAUM
But why? Why a piece of skin?

PEREZ
My point is that he takes the pieces
after victims die.

STRAUM
This is Matthews's doing.

RIGG
Or maybe Jigsaw took the piece before
he died.

PEREZ
No. That'd betray Jigsaw's rules.
(looks to Rigg)
What if the victim gets out?

STRAUM
(to Rigg)
Check the guy from Matthews's place.
See if there's a piece taken.

Rigg nods, raising his walkie-talkie and moving to the hallway.

Straum stands, rubbing his head and staring at the trap.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
So, if Matthews isn't the accomplice,
then who is?

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Windshield wipers work overtime to part the heavy rain. A HAND sits on the steering wheel, nervously tapping.

It's the UNSEEN MAN.

Outside the front windshield, the MOTEL is seen.

Several emergency vehicles are lined up on the curb. As is Straum and Perez's FEDERAL CAR.

UNSEEN MAN
(hushed)
There you are.

The Unseen Man checks his digital watch. His face remains hidden, but in the rear view mirror a BLACK CLOAK and METALLIC COLLAR DEVICE with DIGITAL CLOCK are seen.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The streets flood from the rain, and the sewers are backed up.

Eric stands outside a long neglected brick building likely once used as a factory. Today, loft apartments.

A dripping gutter gains Eric's attention. He stares at the water, taking his mind back to...

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE SICK ROOM -- NIGHT **(FLASHBACK)**

CLOSE ON: A running faucet. A rag is wetted.

It's Jigsaw. He carries the wet rag over to Eric.

Eric's on a gurney. His eyes struggling to stay open. The rag is put to Eric's bloodied face.

ERIC
Daniel... Daniel...

JIGSAW
He's safe. And you'll see him soon enough.

Eric's head sways, looking down to his FOOT. It's twisted in a horrific direction.

Jigsaw notices.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
That's not what concerns me, Detective Matthews.
(touching head)
It's what's up here that needs fixing. I just hope we'll have enough time.

Eric's eyes turn, seeing a SCALPEL. He tries to grab it, but he's so discombobulated Jigsaw's easily able to block his attempt to stab him.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Now you're just being rude.

Jigsaw plunges a SYRINGE into Eric's arm, making his head sway even more and fall back onto the gurney.

There's a sound of a DOOR OPENING off screen. Jigsaw quickly pushes Eric on the gurney in the opposite direction.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- ENTRYWAY -- CONTINUOUS **(FLASHBACK)**

Amanda enters holding a half of the METAL RIB CAGE DEVICE that will eventually kill KERRY.

AMANDA
It's about ready, John.
(looks to sick room)
John?

Hearing no answer, she turns and moves towards the monitor room.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric snaps out of it. He looks back to the building, moving across the street.

INT. BRICK BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric steps into the main entryway. He holds out the key, looking to the steep stairs that rise into a dark hallway one story up.

He pulls his handgun, climbing the stairs.

INT. BRICK BUILDING -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric gingerly steps down the hallway, coming to the door that is Ivan's loft apartment.

He holds the key, putting it in the lock.

But Eric doesn't turn it.

He knows what lies on the other side of the door. He's done this too many times before.

A decision.

Eric pulls out the key, bolting back down the hallway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric's looks up to the windows. He tracks them with his eyes, figuring out which one is Ivan's.

He finds the window. Right next to a FIRE ESCAPE.

Eric moves to the fire escape ladder, climbing.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING -- FIRE ESCAPE -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric crouches by the window. He tries to look in, but the drapes are drawn.

Looking closely, he cases the window border for any type of trip wire or whatever.

There doesn't look to be anything.

Eric pulls his handgun, BREAKING the glass with the butt.

He looks around. No lights come on. No one on the street to call the cops.

Eric reaches in, unlocking the window and opening it. He slides into the apartment...

INT. BRICK BUILDING -- IVAN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Pitch dark. Only the light from the outside street lamps offer any hint at what awaits Eric.

But Eric isn't stupid. And he's not about to trip some timer or death device by turning on the lights.

He takes out his CELL PHONE from his pocket, turning on the LCD SCREEN.

It offers the SLIGHTEST BIT OF LIGHT.

Eric takes a step into the sprawling loft apartment and--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Don't move!

A scratchy voice nearly causes Eric to discharge his handgun.

Eric's head whips around to the source of the sound.

ERIC
Who's there?!

MALE VOICE
Eric, it's me, it's me.

Eric's eyes tighten, trying to see into the darkness. He holds up his cell phone, seeing the outline of a familiar face.

It's HOFFMAN.

And he's in a trap. His ARMS and LEGS are stretched out and chained to a BED FRAME without a mattress.

His head is held back by a DUAL-ENDED MINI PITCHFORK about eight inches long that's jammed into his chin and his upper chest.

It keeps his head back, and it keeps him from turning his head.

ERIC
What are you doing here?

HOFFMAN
I'm wondering the same. Get the lights.

ERIC
But the trap--

HOFFMAN
The timer's on the door.

Eric turns, moving for the door.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Careful, Eric. The floor.

Eric leans down, using the cell phone light to reveal a zig-zag of METAL TRIP WIRE.

He carefully steps over and between the trip wire.

At the wall, Eric flips a switch, revealing the loft of horrors.

Attached to the metal trip wire are dozens of AX HEADS on PENDULUMS held into place on the walls.

Trip the wire, the ax heads swing down from the twenty-five foot ceilings, smashing into your head.

But that's not what catches Eric's eyes.

It's Hoffman's trap.

It's a metal bed frame. There are TWO METAL SLOTS attached to the middle of the frame.

They rise to the ceiling. And at the top, a GUILLOTINE as wide as Hoffman's body is held in place.

Open the door, the pin is pulled and the TIMER starts.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Hurry, please hurry.

Eric steps forward. It's almost surreal.

The trap is yet to be sprung. Everything still.

The TV in the corner doesn't flash to life.

The MONITOR with Gloria still black.

But the MOUNTED CAMERA with red light on sees Eric.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Get me out of this thing.

Eric turns, stepping through the trip wire.

He stands next to the bed frame.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Do it fast.

Eric reaches down to pull out the pitchfork device. Hoffman strains, anticipating the pain.

Eric pulls Hoffman's head back, TWISTING out the pitchfork from his chin, and then YANKING it out of his chest.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking christ!

Hoffman GASPS, the blood SQUIRTING from his two wounds.

ERIC
Where's the key?

HOFFMAN
I don't know... I don't know...

There's blood covering Hoffman's STOMACH and pooling on the floor under the bed.

Eric pulls back Hoffman's shirt, revealing a JIGSAW PIECE taken out of his flesh. It's new. And it's oozing BLOOD.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
What is it?

ERIC
A jigsaw piece.

HOFFMAN
Jigsaw's dead, who the fuck is doing this?

ERIC
I don't know, but he has Gloria.

Hoffman looks to Eric, shocked.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I have to get her.

HOFFMAN
Fuck, man.

ERIC
You don't remember anything?

HOFFMAN
I was at my place. Got jumped... I think... I don't know... I hit the floor and woke up here.

There's a beat as Eric looks over Hoffman's body. Hoffman looks to Eric.

Suddenly, Hoffman doesn't know if he trusts Eric.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
How'd you know not to come in through the front door?

Eric looks to him. It's a loaded question.

ERIC
Because I've fallen for that twice already today.

HOFFMAN
The person who's doing this has your wife. Why am I here?

ERIC
I'll figure that out after I find the key.

HOFFMAN
Just shoot off the fucking locks.

ERIC
It'd need more than a 9mm bullet.

Hoffman nods, his heart beginning to race as his eyes rise to the guillotine high above him.

HOFFMAN
Come on, come on.

Eric looks to the open wound where the pitchfork was stuck. There's something in there.

Eric leans in.

ERIC
Hold your breath.

Hoffman nods, holding his breath. Eric moves closer to pull out the pitchfork when--

HOFFMAN
Ahh! Goddamn it!

ERIC
What? What?

HOFFMAN
Something pricked my back!

Eric looks underneath Hoffman. There is a SYRINGE. Stuck into Hoffman's back.

It's attached to a TRIP WIRE that leads all the way to the front door. Eric's foot inadvertently pushed it and sprung it.

ERIC
Fuck.

Eric pulls out the syringe, tossing it on the floor.

HOFFMAN
What? What is it?

ERIC
A syringe.

HOFFMAN
What's in it? What the fuck, Eric?

ERIC
Just let me get you out of this thing.

HOFFMAN
Fuck, Eric! What the fuck was in that syringe?!

ERIC
Relax, man. Relax.

HOFFMAN
Fuck, man! Come on, come on!

Eric SHOVES his fingers into the wound. Hoffman GASPS. The pain EXCRUCIATING.

Eric digs for the key.

And it's too much for Hoffman.

He lets out an AGONIZING SCREAM.

Eric's able to pluck out the key. He quickly opens each lock on Hoffman, freeing him.

Hoffman jerks back, covering up and trying to catch his breath. He touches his wounds, trying to look to the prick in his back.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Goddamn it.

Eric pulls his handgun, pointing it to Hoffman

ERIC
Don't move.

HOFFMAN
What're you doing, man?

ERIC
Just don't move.

Eric looks around the bed frame looking for a micro-cassette recorder.

He finds nothing.

But he still keeps his handgun on Hoffman.

Eric moves to the front door, pulling the pin.

The DIGITAL CLOCK turns on. 37:24 and dropping.

Eric keeps his eyes on Hoffman. His handgun pointed.

And within a second--

ZZCCCHHHHHH!!!

The TV pops onto static. And then an image comes on. The doll.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello, Eric. If you've made it this far then you're more than halfway to achieving your goal.
(beat)
You know the man before you. Also a detective, he's your partner in crime. Over the years, he and you have amassed quite a reputation for making charges stick even when the evidence suggested otherwise.
(beat)
Now, you're loyalty to your colleague will be put to the test. He has been injected with a deadly nerve agent and his only chance of survival is your ultimate success.
(beat)
Within him is the key that you need to continue. But move quickly, because you have only sixty seconds before your relationship will be severed for good.

The TV turns to static again. And then cuts to black.

The timer on the top of the guillotine instantly STARTS.

Hoffman simply stares at Eric.

Eric lowers his handgun.

ERIC
Sorry, had to make sure.

HOFFMAN
A fucking nerve agent?

ERIC
He wants you to come with me.

HOFFMAN
Why?

ERIC
I don't know... we'll find out.

Eric pulls out the HANDGUN he took from the cop, handing it to Hoffman.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I need you with me.

Hoffman looks at the handgun, his hand unconsciously rubbing his back where the syringe went in.

HOFFMAN
Fuck, man.

Hoffman makes a decision and takes the handgun.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah, of course.

Hoffman tries to offer Eric a smirk, but it's tough under the circumstances.

ERIC
Good.

The two men turn when--

WHAM! The guillotine slams down.

Hoffman jumps, his eyes looking at what would have cut him in half.

He exchanges a look with Eric, and they head towards the exit.

INT. BRICK BUILDING -- ENTRYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Next to the front door, there's a FIRE ALARM. Eric pulls it, and a BUZZER rings out.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The clock ticks down from 32:19.

The cloaked figure is now pacing the floor. It's a man. But it's impossible to fully see his face.

He holds the handgun. Looking between the monitors and the clock.

GLORIA
He's going to kill you! He's going to kill you, you fuck!

The cloaked figure moves close to Gloria. He puts the handgun to her face, causing her to lurch back a bit.

Her feet slide ever so slightly.

Then, the cloaked figure lowers the handgun, simply giving her a SHOVE--

The noose TIGHTENS around Gloria's neck.

Her feet struggle to get back on the ice block. But they SLIP and SLIP.

Her face REDDENS. The veins in her forehead BULGING.

She finally gets a foothold, regaining her balance on the block of ice.

But the noose is still tight.

The cloaked figure reaches out his black gloved hands, loosening the noose a bit.

CLOAKED FIGURE.
Now shut the fuck up.

He turns, sitting back down in front of the monitors.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The latest key. A small key. Like for a locker.

Eric and Hoffman both crouch under an awning, protected from the rain. They study the key.

ERIC
What is it?

HOFFMAN
Looks like a door key.

ERIC
To where?

HOFFMAN
Someplace old. Downtown maybe.

A POLICE SIREN rises in the distance, taking their attention. After a beat, a POLICE CAR flies past the alleyway and further down the block. No harm to them.

Eric's eyes return to the key.

Rain falls from broken overhead gutter, coming down in a heavy splatter. Eric looks to the water, his eyes fluttering.

ERIC
No. I remember it.
(beat)
The smell.

Eric's eyes twitch, taking us back to...

INT. FISH PACKING PLANT -- NIGHT **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric's in a walk-in cooler formally used for holding fresh fish. He's still strapped to a gurney. His eyes fluttering. Barely conscious.

Jigsaw's standing over him.

JIGSAW
I need to deal with one of your friends who's gotten a little too smart for her own good.

Eric can't respond, but he stares right at Jigsaw.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
You'll be safe here in the meantime.

Jigsaw smirks to Eric, moving to the door and turning before he exits.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Don't worry, Eric. I'm not going to let what happened to me, happen to you.

The door is slammed shut--

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

They're walking now. Fast. The direction dictated. They keep their heads low, their voiced careful.

ERIC
It was near the water. I could smell the fish.

HOFFMAN
The wharf.

Hoffman nods, looking back over his shoulder for anyone following them.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Who is it? Who's doing this?

ERIC
I-I don't know...

HOFFMAN
Before me, there were traps?

ERIC
Two.

HOFFMAN
There were people in them?

A nod.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Who?

ERIC
I don't know.

Eric tries to think, then he remembers the WALLET, pulling it out. He reads the name on the driver's license.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Ivan Smith. That was his apartment back there. Something about drugs... and listening...to the mentally ill.

Hoffman looks to the driver's license. He tilt his head.

HOFFMAN
Psychiatrist. Three years ago. Dealing meds. Remember?

Eric's eyes flutter. He does.

ERIC
Yeah, yeah. He got off. Busted for trafficking two months later.

HOFFMAN
Lost his license.
(beat)
What about the other person?

ERIC
(thinking)
Uh, a peddler... prescriptions or something.

HOFFMAN
A doctor?

ERIC
No, no...

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT **(FLASHBACK)**

Bernard sits in the chair with his mouth wide open. He squirms as Eric is about to pluck out the key.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Eric places him.

ERIC
A pharmacist. Insurance scam. Robbed his own store, collecting on the insurance, and then resold the stolen meds on the street.

HOFFMAN
So their connection is you?

Eric thinks, and then it hits him like a ton of bricks.

EXT. LAW FIRM -- LATE DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric turns to reenter the school when a MAN bursts through the doors and BUMPS RIGHT INTO HIM.

Eric nearly falls over, and the man keeps going.

Everything slows in this moment. And the man briefly looks back. Eric makes eye contact. The man has dark hair. Scraggly black facial hair.

But it's his eyes. He knows his eyes.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric stops, his eyes wide.

ERIC
I know him.

INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric. Younger. Healthier. He stands near Kerry. Hoffman's in the background at a desk.

They stare through some glass into an interview room.

ERIC
Does Tapp have this guy or what?

KERRY
I don't know, doesn't exactly fit the profile. But he doesn't have an alibi.

FROM ERIC'S P.O.V.: DR. GORDON stands with his back to Eric. Dr. Gordon's lawyer, BRETT, talks with his client.

INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERVIEW ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Brett sits. His face looking familiar now.

BRETT
As your lawyer and not as your friend, my advice is to bite the bullet and give them your alibi now - because no one is going to believe you later. Go for a truthful defense and wrap this up.

Brett's eyes lower, gazing outside the room.

INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric's world slows as his eyes meet with Brett's.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric has slowed to a stop, remembering.

ERIC
(a whisper)
The lawyer.

EXT. LAW FIRM -- LATE DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

In SLOW MOTION, the man looks right to Eric.

MAN
Watch it.

Same eyes. The same person. BRETT.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric looks to Hoffman.

ERIC
Lawrence Gordon's lawyer. Ivan Smith's lawyer. Bernard Sloan's lawyer. Brett Conroy. Lawyer to the rich.

HOFFMAN
Brett Conroy? We set him up.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT **(FLASHBACK)**

A BLACK CONVERTIBLE PORSCHE 911 sits on the curb with three POLICE CRUISERS surrounding it. Their red and blue lights flashing.

Brett, looking drunk, is escorted in handcuffs from the Porsche back to a police cruiser.

Eric passes him, their eyes connecting for a second.

EXT. PORSCHE 911 -- MOMENTS LATER **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric digs in the trunk, pulling out a LARGE BAGGY OF COCAINE. He spins, looking back at the other cops, Hoffman being one of them.

A smirk crosses Eric's face.

FROM ERIC'S P.O.V.: Brett glares at him from the back seat of the police cruiser.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Hoffman stares at Eric.

HOFFMAN
Did six months and got disbarred.
Last I ever heard of him.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

Jigsaw and Eric are nose to nose.

JIGSAW
You know who you are - you're the type of person who guns down unarmed suspects. The type of person to plant evidence to get a conviction. The type of person whose wife leaves him and son hates him.

Eric shoots out of his chair, grabs Jigsaw by the throat, and cocks his fist back to him...

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric now understands who and why.

ERIC
This is personal.

Hoffman takes it in.

ERIC (CONT'D)
There was someone else at the wharf.

HOFFMAN
Who?

INT. FISH PACKING PLANT **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric props up his head, looking to John as he leaves. There's someone just past John. Looking in at him.

BRETT.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric looks to Hoffman.

ERIC
Him. It's him. It's how Jigsaw got his information. Brett was inside. Access to the files. Everything.

HOFFMAN
We're gonna need help at the wharf.

ERIC
No, I can't risk them slowing us down.

HOFFMAN
They won't. I guarantee you. I'll corroborate everything and put myself between them and you if need be.

Eric isn't so sure.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Come on, Eric. We need the help.

Eric nods, handing over his CELL PHONE as the two quickly continue to the wharf.

Hoffman coughs and stutters steps. He takes his hand from his mouth and it's PEPPERED WITH BLOOD.

Eric sees it.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
I'll be fine. Let's just go.

Eric nods, unsure. But he can't do anything but continue.

INT. BRICK BUILDING -- IVAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Ivan's apartment. Now flowing with police and forensics. But because of the trap nature, they're all being extra careful, trying to de-rig the trip wire along the floor.

STRAUM
(to room)
Extra careful, everyone. Most of these traps are still live.

Perez is already examining the bed frame trap.

PEREZ
Matthews pulls the fire alarm, drawing us here, so what's he want us to see?

STRAUM
No dead body.

PEREZ
So he's not the killer. Mounted camera, so he's being watched. Jigsaw tape still intact, so Matthews knows the victim. What else?

STRAUM
The trap.

They both look.

But what they don't see, we do. A FEMALE FORENSICS worker is kneeling near the bed.

She's reaching for something, and her shift cuff jiggles the still live trip wire.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
(re: trap)
It's the second trap Jigsaw created. The mouth device. The head crusher. The guillotine. They're winding down backwards in chronological order to the first trap he created.

PEREZ
Which is?

STRAUM
Woman in a noose standing on a block of ice.

A revelation.

PEREZ
Who's the woman?

STRAUM
Detective Matthews's wife.

PEREZ
And the accomplice?

STRAUM
Someone Jigsaw trusted.

PEREZ
Like a friend.

STRAUM
Or a business partner.

CLOSE ON: The Female Forensic worker's cuff SNAGS the trip wire as she retracts her hand and--

STRAUM (CONT'D)
So the grieving wife knows more than she's letting on.

Perez stands right as a swinging ax head from the ceiling gives way--

FROM AX HEAD'S P.O.V.: Attached to a metal wire, the AX HEAD swings down going right for Perez's face, but Straum pulls her back, and the ax head hits--

THWACK! The Female Forensic Worker right between the eyes, SPLATTERING BLOOD five feet in all directions.

The room GASPS as the woman falls back, DEAD instantly.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Get the goddamn paramedics! Now! Now! Now!

Other officers converge on the accident, and Perez stands stunned, Straum having just saved her life.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

The PARAMEDICS charge into the building with gurney in tow. Straum leads Perez out, her eyes drifting to the gurney that could have been hers.

Straum isn't stopping to reflect. He doesn't have time.

STRAUM
Drive!

He tosses the keys to the unmarked car to Perez.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Rigg! Round it up!

In the distance, Rigg perks his head up.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Two teams of three! Now!

Rigg nods, leading his tattered men to their vehicle.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

The cloaked figure sits before the monitors.

Gloria whines, her feet freezing. The noose tightening.

The cloaked figure turns, and we see that it is indeed BRETT. Scraggly facial hair.

He looks to Gloria and then to the digital clock that reads, 23:14 and dropping.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The UNMARKED FBI CAR leads the way, followed by a SWAT TRUCK and TWO POLICE CRUISERS.

Their sirens wail. Lights flashing.

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Perez drives, running something in her mind. Straum's next to her, watching the road.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The FBI car charges through an intersection, forcing pedestrian cars to stop.

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Perez looks over.

PEREZ
Where's the home base?

STRAUM
What?

PEREZ
The lair. Where's the lair?

STRAUM
Raided. Doesn't exist.

PEREZ
The little girl was freed, Jigsaw
wanted us to find that place.

STRAUM
So what?

PEREZ
So where's the new game being played
from?

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

FROM BINOCULAR P.O.V: Straum and Perez's Federal car rounds a corner.

The binoculars are lowered, revealing the hands and black cloak of the UNSEEN MAN. His hands quiver as he raises a CELL PHONE. Dials a number--

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Perez frequently looks between the road and Straum.

STRAUM
Abandoned building. Sewer. You
name it.

PEREZ
Yeah, but where?

STRAUM
Downtown. Fits the pattern.

PEREZ
Jigsaw created patterns to break
them.

Perez offers Straum a disapproving glance.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
Hand me the map in the back.

Straum turns, reaching into the back. But he stops. Something catching his eye.

It's the DOLL. A GLASS JAR filled with RED PAINT and NAILS connected to a crude CELL PHONE TIMER DEVICE sits in the doll's lap.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The Unseen Man's finger PRESSES the send button and--

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The doll starts LAUGHING and--

STRAUM
Get down--

Straum tries to stomp on brake and pull down Perez's head, but--

BLAM! The jar EXPLODES in a wave of NAILS and RED PAINT blowing out all the windows--

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The FBI car swerves, crossing an intersection and into the oncoming lane when--

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

An OLDER WOMAN sees the FBI car swerving and coming right for her. She slams on her brakes but--

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The Older Woman's car smashes and spins the FBI car, causing the FBI car to roll to a stop on the curb.

The SWAT truck and two police cruisers slam on their brakes, swerving to avoid the crash.

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The interior is doused in red paint. SMOKE fills the cabin. The back of the seats are torched and shredded to shit.

A mixture of blood and red paint covers Straum's forehead. Perez's bloodied head leans against the dashboard.

STRAUM
Perez...

Straum grabs her, pulling her back. She gasps.

PEREZ
Ahh...

She's alive, her eyes fluttering open.

Straum kicks open his door and tries to pull out Perez, but her leg is stuck underneath the dashboard.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The officers and SWAT members barrel out of their vehicles, running to the aid of the crash victims.

Rigg pulls out the Older Woman who accidentally hit the FBI car right as--

A FLAME rises from underneath the car hood and--

KA-BLOOM! The car's gas tank EXPLODES, sending an orange bal of flame into the air.

The people on the scene all jump back, protecting themselves.

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Straum instinctually puts his body over Perez's head, protecting her from any debris.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The flames shoot out from the car, igniting spilled gasoline on the pavement...

WHOOSH! The flame streaks ACROSS THE PAVEMENT...

Rigg has his body over the Older Woman, but he SEES the fire heading towards THE SOURCE OF THE GASOLINE...

THE SMASHED UP FBI CAR...

RIGG
(to Straum and Perez)
Get out of there!!!

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Straum's eyes bug. He sees it. An instant to react. He YANKS on Perez with all his might...

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The flame shoots across the pavement and up into the FBI car gas tank...

INT. FBI CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Straum pulls...

STRAUM
Come on!!!

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Straum yanks out Perez right as--

KA-BLOOM! The gas tank on the FBI car EXPLODES, flipping over the car and sending a plume of smoke and fire into the air.

Straum keeps his body over Perez as the DEBRIS rains down on top of them.

It's chaos.

The officers and SWAT members pull Straum and Perez further away from the flames.

OTHER CARS have lined up at this point.

Officials SCREAM into their walkie-talkies for backup.

Straum rolls back, looking to Perez. She's in bad shape, but she's alive.

PEREZ
The wife knows.

STRAUM
What?

PEREZ
She knows. Don't let the accomplice get away. Go. Go.

STRAUM
I'm not going to leave you...

PEREZ
You're on the list, not me. Go, or more will die.
(nodding to Rigg and others)
Take them. Find the accomplice. Finish the game.

Straum leans back. The world spins. Perez is about to faint.

STRAUM
I need help, here! Move it!

Straum rises as two uniform cops assist in helping Perez. Straum locks eyes with Rigg.

They're both beaten. Tired. But still poised.

RIGG
On your command, sir.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The familiar hand of the Unseen Man sits on the steering wheel. In the distance, the chaotic crash scene unfolds.

After a beat, the Unseen Man checks his digital watch.

He sighs in pain, checking his collar device in the rear view mirror. Again, his face remains a mystery.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The Unseen Man's car pulls away from the curb, does a U-turn, and heads back towards the buildings of downtown.

EXT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

The SWAT truck and a police cruiser screech to a stop in front of the modest home.

Straum's the first one out, having been driving the police cruiser alone.

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Straum pushes through the doorway, not even allowing Jill to get out of her chair. He grabs a framed newspaper clipping off the mantle and gets right in Jill's face.

STRAUM
I want to know the whole fucking story. And I want to know about this guy.

CLOSE ON: A newspaper photo of John and Brett shaking hands in front of a building in the background. The caption reads, "CREATING A BETTER LIFE ONE BUILDING AT A TIME."

Jill's eyes strain as her mouth goes agape.

JILL
I already told you--

STRAUM
You didn't tell me shit. You got bitched up and quiet. You're gonna talk. You're gonna tell us everything or an entire precinct will pull it from your fucking throat!

Straum's tone takes Jill aback, she tries to get up out of the chair, but he shoves her back down.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Right now!!!

Straum kneels, getting right in her face.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Everything about John Kramer.

Jill looks to Rigg and the SWAT team. They're not helping.

Straum SLAPS Jill.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
Talk!

Rigg and his men turn away, taking a step from the room.

JILL
You motherfucker--

Straum slaps her again.

STRAUM
Talk!!!

Jill's jarred back into looking at Straum. He's about to blow. Her face is red. Her eyes wide.

Straum's got her. And he's not letting her go. Slowly, Jill calms herself, and her mouth opens to talk...

EXT. PARK -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

It's a sunny day. John records Jill with the video camera.

JOHN
I love you.

JILL
I love you.

They kiss.

Then, John's hand lowers, TOUCHING JILL'S STOMACH. It's not protruding, but she's certainly PREGNANT.

Jill's gaze wanders. John notices.

They both turn, seeing OBI. Strung out. Twitchy. Going through a trash can. Looking for a meal.

JOHN
Today's for us.

JILL
It breaks my heart.

John knows he can't stop Jill. He nods, kissing her.

Jill leaves their embrace, moving to help Obi.

INT. JILL'S CLINIC -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

Jill, now really showing, moves through the overcrowded clinic. Obi's there in the background getting help.

As is ADDISON (Saw 2 house). LAURA (Saw 2 house). PAUL (Saw 1 razor room). And MARK (Saw 1 glass room).

Jill's doing her usual work of keeping the doctors and nurses happy and moving along the patients who have been waiting for up to four hours.

Then, a FIGHT BREAKS OUT in the waiting area.

Jill's the first to jump into the fray, trying to break up the TWO BATTLE MEN.

WHAM! She's pushed, back FALLING into her side, hitting her PREGNANT BELLY hard on the floor.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

A posh ENGINEERING OFFICE in a high-rise. A group of well-dressed engineers surround blueprints.

John's amongst them. He turns, answering his cell phone.

His smile drops the instant the person on the other end starts talking.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

John storms into the sterile white emergency room and steps to the front of the line at the nurses station.

JOHN
My wife... my wife was brought in here... she's pregnant...

NURSE
Sir, you're going to have to--

John moves past the station, and into the ER.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Sir!

INT. HOSPITAL -- OPERATING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER **(FLASHBACK)**

John enters. A NURSE IN SCRUBS moves to stop him.

JOHN
What's going on?! What are you doing to my wife?!

NURSE
Sir, you can't come in here--

John's eyes shoot to the operating table. TWO DOCTORS in scrubs and masks operate on Jill.

JOHN
Is the baby hurt?!

TWO SECURITY GUARDS from outside enter, pulling out John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's going on! Talk to me! Someone talk to me!

John's yanked out kicking and screaming.

INT. HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- LATER **(FLASHBACK)**

John stands looking in through a window. His eyes are puffy from crying. He has zero expression.

FROM JOHN'S P.O.V.: His baby. Months premature. Hooked up to tubes. Struggling for life.

INT. HOSPITAL -- ROOM -- LATER **(FLASHBACK)**

John enters a dark room with a lone bed in the middle. Jill's there, sleeping. She too has tubes sticking out of her.

John's head lowers, and he moves to a chair opposite her, sitting. John eyes rise to his unconscious wife.

Then, his head drops into his hands. The tears come. And he cries.

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Jill's eyes flutter. She looks to Straum.

JILL
It was never the same after that.

INT. JOHN'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

John sits in a chair, watching TV. He has the expression of a comatose patient in a mental ward

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sorry...

John's eyes shift. On the couch, leaning forward is Brett.

BRETT
But we need to talk about the properties...

JOHN
Do what you want with them.

John's gaze returns to the TV.

Brett sighs. He rises, crossing the room and moving to the kitchen.

INT. JOHN'S HOME -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS **(FLASHBACK)**

Jill's at the table. She has a cup of tea in front of her, and she's doing the same thing as John, staring into oblivion.

Brett sits next to her.

BRETT
You doing alright, beautiful?

Jill's gaze rises. Brett's genuine smile makes her smile just a bit.

INT. JOHN'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS **(FLASHBACK)**

John turns to the kitchen.

FROM JOHN'S P.O.V.: Brett makes Jill laugh. And she even puts a hand in his hand.

John's eyes burn.

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Straum leans back, taking it all in.

JILL
He wasn't the same man... and I left him.
(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)
(beat)
A month later he was diagnosed with the cancer.

INT. HOSPITAL CANCER WARD WAITING ROOM -- DAY **(FLASHBACK)**

John gets up slowly. He follows a nurse into an office and she closes the door.

The words stenciled on the door read, "DR. LAWRENCE GORDON - ONCOLOGY."

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- DAY

PRESENT

Jill lowers her head, shaken.

JILL
That was the last time I ever saw him.

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING **(FLASHBACK)**

A cold autumn day. Grey skies. A stiff wind.

John, his torso wrapped and his arm in a sling from his car accident, stares at the ground. At his DEAD CHILD'S GRAVE.

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Straum sits back, rising and giving Jill her space.

STRAUM
What was your child's name?

JILL
Gideon.

Straum nods, sitting down on the couch next to Jill. He moves close.

STRAUM
Brett. He was John's business partner. And his best friend.

Jill replies, but--

RING-RING-RING! Our attention is taken away from the conversation.

Rigg turn, answering his cell phone.

RIGG
(into phone)
This is Rigg.

His head nods. And the turns.

RIGG (CONT'D)
Matthews called in. We're tracking
his cell.

Straum looks over in mid-conversation.

STRAUM
Alright.

Straum wraps it up with Jill as Rigg and his men exit.

STRAUM (CONT'D)
(to Jill)
I'm sorry.

She nods. And he exits.

EXT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Straum comes down the stairs, moving to his police cruiser.

STRAUM
Where to?

RIGG
Follow us, he's on the move.

Rigg turns, but then he turns back

RIGG (CONT'D)
Hey. The guy in the first place.
Jigsaw piece taken from his thigh.

Straum nods, diving into his car.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- CONTINUOUS

Straum fires up the engine. The SWAT truck in front of him
PEELS OUT from the curb.

Straum follows but then slams on the brakes.

His eyes widen. He's running something in his head. And
then--

EXT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The SWAT truck is gone up the block. Straum exits his car
and runs back into John's old home.

INT. JOHN'S OLD HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Straum enters. Jill turns to him.

STRAUM
What was your child's name again?

JILL
Gideon. Why?

Straum grabs the framed newspaper photo of John and Brett shaking in front of a decaying building.

STRAUM
Where is this building?

CLOSE ON: In the background, on the building, in faded paint, a sign reads, "GIDEON - FISH PROCESSING."

EXT. NEW LAIR -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The key sinks into the lock, turning.

The door opens. Eric looks to Hoffman. Hoffman is now PALE. His eyes DARKENED. He nods to enter, their handguns leading the way.

INT. NEW LAIR -- ENTRYWAY -- CONTINUOUS

It's a thin hallway with cobweb-covered ceilings. RATS and PIGEONS scurry about, startled by the intruders.

The rain knocks against the tin roof.

ERIC
Prop the door.

Hoffman nods, grabbing a nearby piece of debris, propping open the door.

HOFFMAN
Fuck...

Eric looks back to Hoffman. Hoffman stands back up, BLOOD runs from his nose.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Keep moving.

Hoffman runs his sleeve over the blood. The two men advance, seeing a DIGITAL CLOCK. Completely out of place.

It's reads, 8:43 and dropping.

Eric leads the way through a doorway when--

INT. NEW LAIR -- HALL OF HORRORS -- CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH-WHOOSH-WHOOSH! A series of SPOT LIGHTS turn on one after the other.

There are cages on either side of the hallway. And within each cage, highlighted by a spotlight, are the traps of Jigsaw's past.

Some are familiar (reverse bear trap, Venus fly trap, the rack) while others have yet to be seen in action.

HOFFMAN
You trip something?

ERIC
No.

Eric sees a remote MOTION SENSOR on the far wall.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Somebody's got a few new toys.

There's another DIGITAL CLOCK. It reads, 7:15 and dropping.

At the end of the hallway, there's another door.

Eric leads the way to the door at the end of the hallway, He's able to kick it open...

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The SWAT truck drives through an empty intersection. Lights swirling. Siren blaring.

The engine revs.

INT. SWAT TRUCK -- REAR CABIN -- NIGHT

Rigg is in the back with several other members. He's checking his weapon.

RIGG
ETA?

A SWAT MEMBER opposite him has a LAPTOP.

SWAT MEMEBER 1
Three minutes. I got 'em centralized to half a block radius. Signal's focusing.

CLOSE ON: The laptop. It's a grid of the city. There's a blinking dot. Eric's cell phone.

INT. NEW LAIR -- COMBINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Back with Eric and Hoffman stepping into the room.

It's HUGE. Something once used to process tons of fish a day. No windows. High ceilings. Cement floors.

It's completely bare.

And pitch dark. Besides the SPOTLIGHT from above, Eric can't see a thing.

ERIC
Shit.

Hoffman stumbles a bit, coughs. Eric looks back to him. Hoffman shakes his head.

The two men step through the light on the floor, and the second they step into the darkness, a NEW SPOTLIGHT turns on, and the previous one turns off.

They're being tracked.

HOFFMAN
(motioning)
Look.

On the far wall, there's a red light. It's a DIGITAL CLOCK. Now reading, 5:58 and dropping.

Eric and Hoffman move. And with every few steps, the spotlight changes.

The digital clock is on the top of a door. It's no ordinary door. It's like a GIANT WALK-IN SAFE DOOR.

No way they can break it. Not without a few hundred pounds of TNT.

There's a ROLL DIAL. Four numbers. Zero through nine.

Could be any combination. And it's the only way through the door.

ERIC
A combination.

HOFFMAN
Four numbers. Anything?

Eric tries to think, shaking his head.

ERIC
I-I don't know--

WHOOSH! Another spotlight turns on. This one in the middle of the room.

It's a TABLE.

Eric and Hoffman look to each other and move to it.

This time, the spotlights don't follow them.

Only two stay on. One on the table. And one on the combination door.

Hoffman gets to the table first. There's a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER in the middle of the table.

Eric's eyes strain.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Play it.

Hoffman's hand trembles, he spits a bit of blood.

HOFFMAN
Fuck...

Hoffman picks up the recorder, hitting play.

Tape hiss, and then the distorted voice comes on.

Jigsaw.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Detective Matthews. If you've come this far then you're one step closer to completing your test.
(beat)
But now's the most difficult test of all. In our time together, I didn't only give you back your life, I also gave you the tools to continue living. You've carried these tools around with you, unaware that they were ever there. Now's the time they will come into use.
(beat)
There's a door before you requiring a four number combination to pass through it. These numbers are a part of you now, Detective Matthews. And to find them, all you'll have to do is use your wisdom and look within.
(beat)
And remember, Detective Matthews.
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The circle always goes top to bottom, right to left.

Tape hiss returns, and then the tape cuts out.

Eric looks to the digital clock. It reads, 4:52 and dropping.

HOFFMAN
Look within?

WHOOSH! A third spotlight turns on. Something on the floor is highlighted.

Hoffman takes a step forward, seeing it first. His eyes bulge. He looks to Eric.

Eric winces.

CLOSE ON: The highlighted item is a pair of DENTAL PLIERS.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Jesus.

Eric shutters, as if already feeling the pain.

INT. FISH PROCESSING PLANT -- NIGHT **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric's on his back. Barely conscious. A MASKED JIGSAW stands over him, holding a DENTAL DRILL.

Eric's head turns, seeing another person in mask over his shoulder.

The drill FIRES UP, coming down into his mouth.

INT. NEW LAIR -- COMBINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric unconsciously rubs his jaw.

ERIC
My wisdom teeth... the numbers are on them.

Eric turns to the digital clock that reads, 4:15 and dropping. He moves to the dental pliers, picking them up.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Fuck...

HOFFMAN
Do you want me to--

Eric shakes his head.

ERIC
Top to bottom, right to left.

Eric puts the pliers into his mouth, finding his top right WISDOM TOOTH.

Hoffman winces, looking away.

Eric clamps the pliers.

He holds his breath.

Then, he PULLS--

The pain is excruciating. His face tenses up. He pulls with all his might, twisting and--

The tooth comes out, blood flowing out like a river.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Oh, god...

Eric gasps, dropping to his knees and spitting up blood.

Hoffman moves in, taking the tooth and looking to it.

CLOSE ON: There's a number on the root reading, "5."

Eric yells, trying to get out all the pain. But it's only going to get worse.

He eyes the digital clock. It reads, 3:37 and dropping.

Eric readjusts the pliers, gagging on the flowing blood.

He kneels, getting it in place on his lower right WISDOM TOOTH.

Eric takes a breath, clamps the tooth, and--

YANKS AND TWISTS...

This one comes faster, but the blood is even worse, causing Eric to fall over, spitting up a mouthful of blood and saliva.

He falls to his knees, screaming with pain.

HOFFMAN
Three and a half minutes...

Hoffman moves in, picking up the second tooth.

CLOSE ON: The tooth reads, "1."

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Brett's up. He's pacing. Watching the monitors and holding the handgun.

Gloria's gagging now. The noose tight around her neck. She's crying, gasping for air.

GLORIA
Sonuvabitch... sonuvabitch...

Brett, incensed, moves to Gloria, getting in her face.

BRETT
He ruined my life, why shouldn't I just kill you now?

Brett raises the handgun, putting it to her head.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Huh?!

Gloria cries, closing her eyes. Brett's finger tightens on the trigger, but he stops, looking to the digital clock that reads, 2:58 and dropping.

Brett steps away.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The SWAT truck comes to a stop. The men barrel out.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Rigg leads the group, looking to the building. It's an old building of neoclassic design.

The sign out front reads, "CITY MORGUE."

RIGG
This some kind of sick joke?

SWAT Member 1 shakes his head, eyeing his laptop.

SWAT MEMEBER 1
Basement. Currently immobile.

EXT. FISH PROCESSING PLANT -- NIGHT

Straum's car comes to a halt. The rain comes down in buckets at this point.

He hops out, his eyes rising to the front entryway with faded sign that reads, "GIDEON - FISH PROCESSING."

Straum pulls his handgun and advances.

INT. NEW LAIR -- COMBINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Eric rises to his feet. Blood flows from his mouth. His face pale. He could pass out at any moment.

But he's only halfway there.

The digital clock reads, 2:38 and dropping.

Eric screams, working up his pain tolerance.

He puts the dental pliers into his mouth again. Finds the bottom left WISDOM TOOTH. Clamps down.

Eric takes three quick breaths and then--

YANKS AND TWISTS...

But this one doesn't come as easily. He's nearly crying as he twists and twists...

It finally pops out.

Eric loosens his grip on the pliers, the tooth bouncing on the floor.

Hoffman moves to it, picking it up.

HOFFMAN
One more, buddy. One more.

Hoffman eyes the tooth. He gags.

CLOSE ON: The tooth number reads, "5."

INT. CITY MORGUE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Rigg leads the other SWAT Team members through the basement hallway. It's the same hallway Eric came up in the beginning.

But they don't enter the examination room, they keep going, down the hallway, following the BLINKING LIGHT on the laptop.

INT. NEW LAIR -- ENTRYWAY -- NIGHT

Straum enters through the propped open door and into the thin hallway.

He keeps his handgun up, pointing it to any rat or pigeon that makes a sound.

INT. NEW LAIR -- COMBINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Eric's screaming, shaking his head. The pain overtakes his body.

Everything's running through his head.

It's all coming at him like a ten foot wave of emotion.

Hoffman's at the door, putting in the first three numbers.

They read, 5-1-5.

One more.

The digital clock reads, 1:28 and dropping.

HOFFMAN
Come on, buddy... she's here. Gloria's here.

Eric cries out, trying to control himself.

His eyes look to the digital clock. Gotta go.

Last one.

Eric takes a series of deep breaths.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

The digital clock reads, 1:00 and dropping.

Brett cocks the handgun, pacing and looking between the monitor and Gloria.

Gloria's face is red. She's wheezing, barely able to muster the slightest breath.

BRETT
He's not going to make it.

INT. NEW LAIR -- COMBINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Eric puts the dental pliers into his mouth, finding the top left WISDOM TOOTH, clamping down on it.

With a scream, he YANKS AND TWISTS THE TOOTH...

It pops out, causing Eric to scream, looking up to the ceiling.

His arms out, screaming a deep, GUTTURAL SCREAM.

Eric lumbers to his feet.

He moves to the door, looking to the tooth still clamped into the dental pliers.

CLOSE ON: The combination reads, 5-1-5-0.

ERIC
It's fucking police code...

Hoffman spits bright red into his hands.

HOFFMAN
For an escaped mental patient.

Eric pulls the handle, opening the door.

INT. NEW LAIR -- HALL OF HORRORS -- NIGHT

Straum moving quickly through the hallway. His eyes look to the many classic traps, but he keeps his focus forward.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- BODY STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

Rigg and the SWAT Team members move down the long, thin hallway with stark white lighting when--

There's a SOUND.

It's faint. But it's consistent.

Rigg stops the men. They all look around. What is it?

They creep further down the hallway and the sounds becomes more clear as a--

RING-RING-RING! Cell phone. Muted, but definitely a cell phone.

INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Eric and Hoffman shamble down the hallway coming to a fork in the road.

There's a DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall that reads, :24 and dropping.

Below the clock, there's a message written in red paint that reads, "LOOK CLOSER, DETECTIVE MATTHEWS."

Under that, there are LETTERS lit up like as if projected from a light source.

The letters spell out, "EVIL." And there's an ARROW under the word pointing to the RIGHT.

Eric moves down the RIGHT CORRIDOR.

The digital clock reads, :18 and dropping.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- BODY STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

RING-RING-RING! The sound is getting closer and closer. Rigg moves forward, taking them into the room with the wall of METALLIC PULLOUT DRAWERS.

The sound is coming from within one of the drawers. SWAT Member 1 whistles, pointing to a drawer.

Rigg moves forward.

They aim their weapons, and the drawer is opened, revealing an EMPTY PULLOUT DRAWER and a RINGING PHONE.

Rigg looks to the name plate.

CLOSE ON: The name plate reads, "JOHN KRAMER."

THE BODY IS GONE.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The digital clock reads, :09 and dropping.

Brett raises the handgun to Gloria's chest.

INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Eric sprints down the hallway. Hoffman coughs, stumbling and falling to a knee.

Eric looks back, but Hoffman waves him on.

HOFFMAN
Go... go... go...

The hallway is lined with DIGITAL CLOCKS.

Seven... six... five...

There's a sliding door halfway open at the end of the hallway.

INT. NEW LAIR -- COMBINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Straum moves through the combination room, seeing the dental pliers. The stains of blood. The open combination door.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Brett has his eyes on the digital clock...

Three... two... one...

He turns to fire and--

ERIC (O.S.)
No!!!

Eric screams, barreling into the room.

BLAM! Brett puts a bullet in Gloria's chest, causing her feet to give way and the noose to tighten fully around her neck.

Eric raises his handgun and fires bullets all over the room. Brett dodges the best he can but-

BLAM! Puts a bullet in Brett's chest, causing him to drop his handgun and crumble to the floor.

INT. NEW LAIR -- COMBINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Straum heard that. He runs for the combination door, passing through it.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Eric pulls down Gloria from the noose, loosening the rope from around her neck.

ERIC
No... no... no...

Gloria gags up blood, her lungs unable to get air.

INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Straum comes to the fork in the road. He looks to the signs on the walls.

He's about to go right, but then he notices something.

The wall is a MIRROR.

And on the wall opposite, the same letters that spelled "EVIL" now spell "LIVE."

And the arrow's pointing down the LEFT HALLWAY.

Straum goes left.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Eric holds Gloria. She gasps for air.

ERIC
No... hold on... hold on...

It's a losing battle. Gloria gags on blood.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hold on... hold on...

Tears flow down Eric's face. Emotional overload.

Gloria's life slipping away.

With one last gag, Gloria's eyes go wide, and her body goes slack.

ERIC (CONT'D)
No... no... no...

Eric's head spins.

Then, Brett stirs. He's not dead.

BRETT
Do it! Do it! Do it!

The rage rushes back into Eric. He sets down his wife and moves to kill Brett.

He extends his handgun and--

BRETT (CONT'D)
No!!! Stop!!! Stop!!!

Eric stands right over him, aiming his handgun right at Brett's head.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Stop!!!

Brett holds up his hand, showing Eric a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER.

Eric freezes. His rage resides for a second. His eyes widening as--

Brett presses play and--

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Brett. I have a game for you. There is a poison in the device attached to your forearm. If you don't want it to kill you, you had better join my game. Now listen carefully to the rules...

Eric's head sways. His hand shakes. Then, he remembers.

ERIC
You weren't screaming.

Eric turns to Hoffman standing in the doorway--

Hoffman already has his handgun out. The handgun given to him by Eric.

BLAM! A bullet rips into Eric's shoulder, causing him to drop his handgun and fall back, collapsing onto his butt.

Eric struggles to get up, but he's paralyzed with shock. Betrayal. His eyes staring at Hoffman, no longer showing the ill-effects of the nerve agent.

Eric's mind races, taking him back to...

A RAPID STROBE OF IMAGES RUNNING THROUGH HIS BRAIN.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric takes a step into the room.

ERIC
Does someone want to tell me what
I'm doing here?

Eric glances to Hoffman. Hoffman's gentle nod says it all. They're good friends.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

The Coroner holds a small WAX BALL.

ERIC
He wants us to find what's inside.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

CLOSE ON: A hand torch fires to life. The Coroner holds the wax ball, gently burning it down.

HOFFMAN
Careful, doc.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Straum looks to Eric.

STRAUM
What happened, Detective Matthews?
Why'd he spare your life?

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

They listen to the tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
In our time together, you came so far, but you didn't fully learn to cherish what's so precious in life.

INT. MOTEL -- ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric looks to the mounted camera again.

ERIC
Try to trick me?! Huh, you fuck?! Well, I beat you! I beat your fucking game!

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE SICK ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Jigsaw leans into Eric, touching Eric's head.

JIGSAW
It's what's up here that needs fixing. I just hope we'll have enough time.

INT. BRICK BUILDING -- IVAN'S APARTMENT **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric sees Hoffman bound to the bed frame.

ERIC
What are you doing here?

HOFFMAN
I'm wondering the same.

INT. BRICK BUILDING -- IVAN'S APARTMENT **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric pulls out the HANDGUN he took from the cop, handing it to Hoffman.

ERIC
I need you with me.

HOFFMAN
Yeah. Yeah, of course.

INT. FISH PROCESSING PLANT **(FLASHBACK)**

Jigsaw smirks to Eric, moving to the door and turning before he exits.

JIGSAW
Don't worry, Eric. I'm not going to let what happened to me, happen to you.

EXT. CITY STREET **(FLASHBACK)**

Hoffman nods, looking back over his shoulder for anyone following them.

HOFFMAN
Who is it? Who's doing this?

ERIC
I-I don't know...

INT. HOFFMAN'S APARTMENT -- **(FLASHBACK)**

In the reflection of a HALLWAY MIRROR into an unlit room, a PIG MASK WATCHES.

Hoffman enters frame, grabbing it off a shelf and stuffing it into a back pack.

EXT. CITY STREET **(FLASHBACK)**

Hoffman looks to the driver's license. He tilts his head.

HOFFMAN
Psychiatrist. Three years ago. Dealing meds. Remember?

EXT. CITY STREET **(FLASHBACK)**

ERIC
There was someone else at the wharf.

HOFFMAN
Who?

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric lurches back, staring at Hoffman moving closer to him.

ERIC
You...

INT. FISH PACKING PLANT **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric props up his head, looking to John as he leaves. There's someone just past John. Looking in at him.

But it's not Brett.

IT'S HOFFMAN.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric looks to Hoffman. Hoffman's trying to find a spot where his cell works.

HOFFMAN
Reception down here is for shit.

Eric tosses his CELL PHONE to Hoffman without missing a beat.

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric turns, grabbing his cell phone back from Hoffman and exiting the office.

This time, stay on Hoffman, seeing a sly smirk.

IT'S HOFFMAN.

EXT. CITY STREET **(FLASHBACK)**

Hoffman looks to Eric.

HOFFMAN
We're gonna need help at the wharf.

ERIC
No, I can't risk them slowing us down.

HOFFMAN
They won't. I guarantee you.

Eric nods, handing over his CELL PHONE.

INT. FISH PROCESSING PLANT **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric's on his back. Barely conscious. A MASKED HOFFMAN stands over him, holding a DENTAL DRILL.

Eric's head turns, seeing another person in mask over his shoulder.

This is the FEEBLE JIGSAW.

Hoffman does the heavy lifting.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Eric barrels into the room to save Gloria.

Behind him, down the hallway, Hoffman pulls out the ANTIDOTE SYRINGE from his arm, dropping it.

His eyes rise, and he reaches for his handgun.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM **(FLASHBACK)**

Brett screams as Eric bears down on him.

BRETT
Do it! Do it! Do it!

But he's not talking to Eric. He's looking past Eric at Hoffman. He's telling Hoffman to shoot Eric.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

PRESENT

Eric looks up to Hoffman.

ERIC
You...

HOFFMAN
You still never learned a thing, Eric. I'm sorry. We gave you every opportunity.

ERIC
Why? Why did you do it?! WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING THIS?!

HOFFMAN
I'm just trying to help people.

There's a beat and then Hoffman points his handgun--

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The three bullets rip into Eric's chest, putting him down for good.

INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Straum comes to a half-opened sliding door, not having heard the gunshots.

He eases into the room...

INT. NEW LAIR -- LIVE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

It's a small room with a door on the opposite end. A monitor sits on a table next to a button that reads, "LIVE."

CLOSE ON: The monitor shows Gloria, slumped over on the floor.

Straum moves to the monitor, then looking to the button.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Hoffman stands there. Different expression. It's poised. Earnest. Pure evil.

Brett still quivers in the corner. Covered in Ned's tissue.

BRETT
I did what you wanted... now get me an ambulance... please...

INT. NEW LAIR -- LIVE ROOM -- NIGHT

Straum unknowingly presses the LIVE button--

SLAM! The door he entered through SLAMS SHUT--

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The syringe in Brett's forearm cast PLUNGES into his arm.

Brett instantly reacts. And the poison is fast, causing him to SEIZE UP.

Hoffman turns, looking to the MOUNTED CAMERA in the room. He's under it. Out of the shot.

Hoffman smirks.

INT. NEW LAIR -- LIVE ROOM -- NIGHT

Straum tries to pull at the door, but it's not going to open.

He turns, looking to the DOOR at the opposite side of the room.

Straum moves to it.

He tries to open the door, but it's LOCKED. Straum reaches into his pocket, pulling out the KEY HE TOOK FROM AMANDA.

Straum plunges the key into the lock and turns when--

ZZCCCHHHHHH!!!

A TV in the corner of the room pops onto static. And then, an image comes on.

The doll.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello Agent Straum... I want to play a game.

Straum is seeing and hearing a ghost.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Hoffman calmly moves away from the seizing Brett. Brett reaches out for Hoffman, gasping for help.

INT. NEW LAIR -- LIVE ROOM -- NIGHT

The door opens, casting an AUBURN LIGHT onto Straum's face, causing him to wince.

DOLL
(from screen)
Tonight begins a journey. The grand final match. One that will be legend even to a seasoned profiler such as yourself.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE SICK ROOM -- **(FLASHBACK)**

Jigsaw feebly hands a completed tape to Hoffman. Hoffman seals the tape in an enveloped labeled "STRAUM."

DOLL (V.O.)
You know the criminal mind better than any...

Hoffman adds the envelope to a box of several other such TAPES and ENVELOPES.

The full SIXTEEN MISSING.

DOLL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Perhaps now, we'll get to know you.

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Hoffman moves to the sliding door, he looks back one last time to Brett.

INT. NEW LAIR -- LIVE ROOM -- NIGHT

As Straum's eyes adjust to the light, his brow tightens, not believing what he's seeing.

It's a cabinet. Filled with dozens and dozens of FORMALDEHYDE JARS.

DOLL
(from screen)
Revival starts by simply putting the pieces together.

And in the formaldehyde jars are the JIGSAW PIECES. Taken from each victim. Each a different size and shape.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

The Unseen Man crouches in the back seat of a car. He looks to his digital watch.

The sound of the FRONT CAR DOOR OPENING causes the Unseen Man to crouch even more.

Now, the Unseen Man is revealed. It's NED. One of the missing sixteen people.

Ned reaches into his back pack, pulling out a SYRINGE and PIG MASK. Ned takes a quick breath and slides on the pig mask.

DOLL
(on TV)
And so now, Agent Straum, the end begins...

The man in the front seat adjusts his read view mirror, revealing himself as CAPTAIN CHANG.

INT. NEW LAIR -- LIVE ROOM -- NIGHT

Straum stares at the Jigsaw pieces, shuttering in wonder.

STRAUM
My god...

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

Brett makes one last attempt, reaching out his hand and SCREAMING.

Hoffman looks to Brett, silhouetted in the sliding door.

HOFFMAN
Game over.

He SLAMS the door shut. TOTAL BLACKNESS.

Brett SCREAMS into the abyss.

FADE OUT: